

A black and white photograph of Bishop Pat Leonard, DSO, sitting on a wooden bench. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a dark sweater and a white clerical collar. His hands are resting on his lap. The background shows a wooden fence and some foliage.

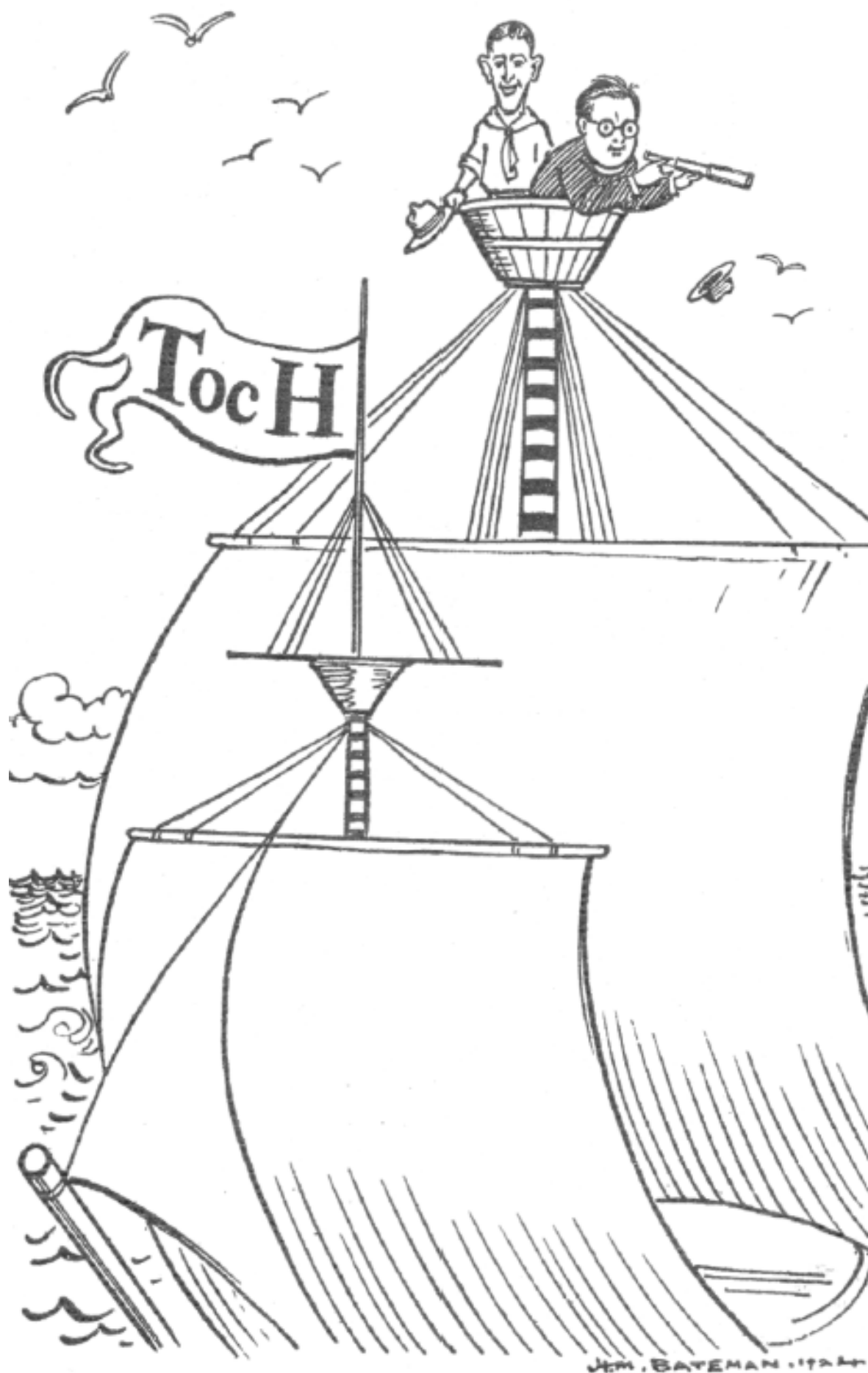
Bishop Pat Leonard, DSO

A Memoir

By

Philip Leonard-Johnson





THE DISCOVERERS DISCOVERED
By one of "Mr. Punch's" Favourite Artists

Punch cartoon on the occasion of Pat and Tubby's World Tour

This second edition, unedited from the first, has been produced simply to make this ebook available online again

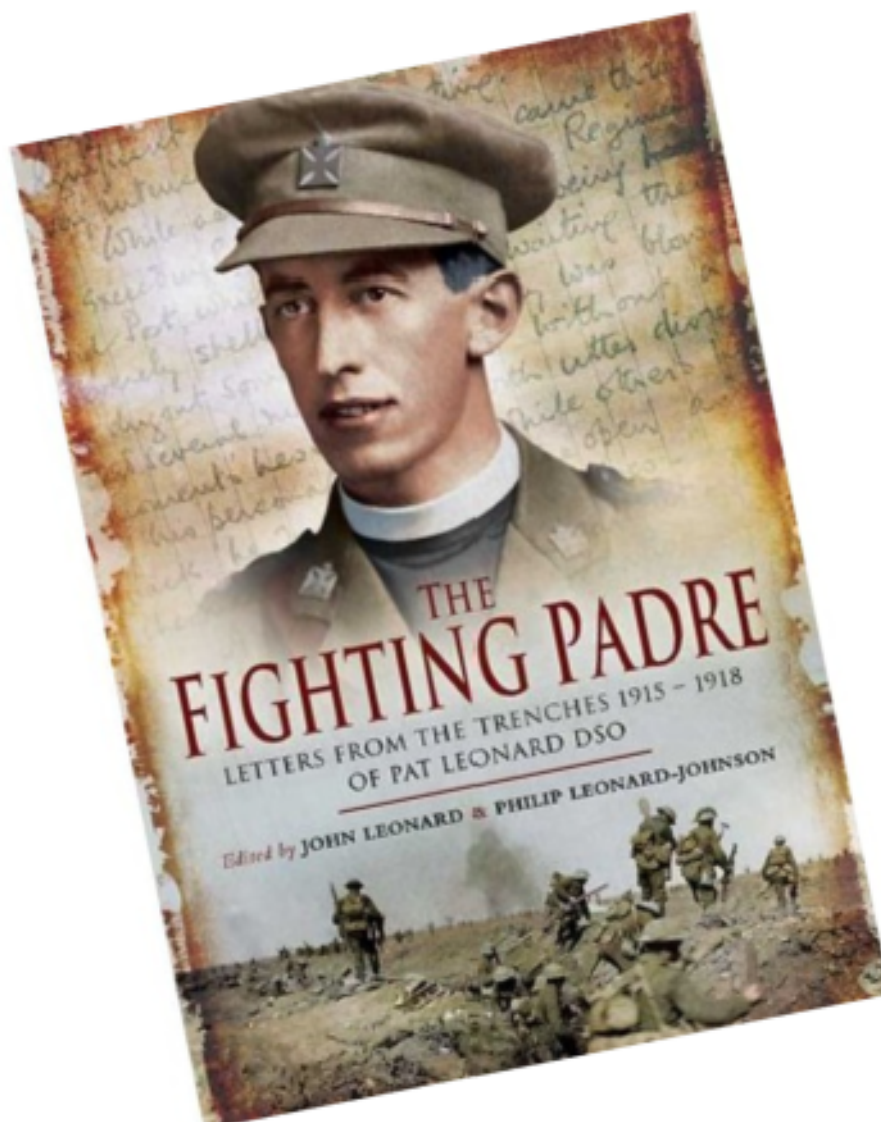
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Pat, the proud parent

THE SOMME 1916

THE BATTLE OF GUILLEMONT

We marched away from our bivouacs just as light was failing, to take our part in the second phase of this colossal battle. The situation then was roughly like this: We occupied the German second line of defence, with the Germans some 1500 yards in front, each army entrenched on parallel ridges with a "Cumberland" dale dividing us. It was July 13th.

During the previous days we had really occupied the valley - or at least we had dumped all sorts of stores and provisions in it - really a stupendous piece of cheek to dump our stuff in no-man's land. But the plan was successful and helped our attack to be the victory it was.

We marched away then full of hope, with spirits running high, for there is something very inspiring about war. Little electric thrills were running up and down my spine as we moved forward on our great adventure into the valley of death. No one hates war more than I do, yet I wouldn't have missed being there for a king's ransom.

I rode with the Doctor in rear of the Battalion; immediately in front of us were the Mess waiters. You would have laughed if you could have seen them. In addition to their weapons of offence, one man carried a frying pan and a piece of bacon, another carried a saucepan and sandbag of tinned foods, while bringing up the rear he who acts as butler staggered along under a load of a dozen bottles of whisky slung round his neck. Thus does the British Army go forth to fight.

That night we occupied one of the German trenches captured on July 1st. At 3.45 am. on Friday, July 14th, as dawn was breaking, the whole line was to advance to the attack. But before the infantry went forward, the German trenches were lashed with a hail of shells - 2000 guns of all sizes barked and roared at once. It was stupendous; the sky was lit up with the continual flashes and the whole earth throbbed and rocked; words fail me to describe the colossal wonder of it, or to give you any idea of the noise.

As the hour of the attack drew near the excitement was intense. At the moment arranged, the infantry surged forward and the guns lifted 100 yards behind the German trenches and formed a barrage or curtain of fire to prevent reinforcements coming up.

Soon the whole ridge was in our hands from Longueval to Bazentin le Petit, and at 10 o'clock we received orders to go forward to reinforce our Division if necessary. By this time the Hun was retaliating with his guns and was firing more or less wildly, searching the captured valley.

Right at the bottom of this valley we were halted and told to dig ourselves in, which we proceeded to do with great vigour. It is surprising how soon a Battalion can dig itself in under the spur of H.E. Shrapnel.

All that day we waited patiently for news and continued to dig down, for at any moment the Hun might have shelled us heavily.

In the evening we stopped in our work to watch enthralled the most inspiring spectacle of the war. Down over the ridge behind us came the cavalry in long lines. First came fierce-looking Indians, their turbans streaming behind them as they cantered past, some with lances with points agleam, others armed with carbine and machine guns. Behind them came our English cavalry, and behind them again more Indians until we thought they would never end. Across the valley they cantered and up the other side, until just behind the crest they halted and formed up into their troops and squadrons.

Soon after the last of them had passed the crest we heard the German machine guns tapping out

their stream of death, but we knew nothing until, next morning, the wounded began to come back, some horseless, others still mounted, and from them we learnt that they had charged into rapid fire... and had to draw off.

At four o'clock the next morning, July 16th High Wood, just north of our new line, was being heavily shelled and the village of Longueval on the right of our new ridge was on fire and casting a red glow on the clouds above. A fine rain was falling which continued all day and made it a "dies non" as far as the advance was concerned. I busied myself with the burial of the dead who had fallen in the previous fighting.

Then on the 18th the Battalion received orders to advance into action. Ever since we gained the ridge the enemy had been busy digging himself into the northern edge of Delville Wood and in the orchards to the north of the village of Longueval. It was to dislodge him that the Gordons were sent forward supported by our Battalion. The attack was carried out successfully and we went forward and started to dig the new line. But we had not reckoned with the Hun artillery which concentrated on our narrow front and simply blew us out of the trenches we had dug.

In 24 hours our casualties were 342 and the Gordons' nearly 500, though fortunately the great percentage of these were slight.

I cannot tell you how magnificently our fellows stood the terrific gruelling, but in the end they had to come back and our line is still very much where it was before...

I shall confine myself to my part in the battle.

I went up with the Doctor, having received a direct order from the General not to go "over the top" with the Battalion. We opened our Regimental Dressing Station a few hundred yards behind our trenches, just below the crest of the ridge, near a forward dump of ammunition and water. It was raining a little, so to shelter our dressings and medical stores we built a bivouac of full S.A.A. boxes and roofed it with a piece of corrugated iron.

All went well, the shelling was not great, and what there was, was still some distance in front. Early we heard that the attack had succeeded from the few wounded who came back. But about 10 o'clock the shelling grew in intensity and krumps began to fall on each side of us. It was then that we longed for a deep dugout and our longing grew in proportion to the shelling. The stream of wounded grew longer and longer and reports came through that the battle was going none too well. Things were getting warm but we were too busy to pay much attention to anything but dressing the wounded and getting them away.

By this time the Hun was making a strong counter-attack and was putting a very heavy barrage all along the ridge on which we were, and so prevented the wounded from getting through. It was just at this time that our Doctor was hit by a machine gun bullet which went through his neck and came out at his cheek, breaking his jaw and knocking out 4 or 5 teeth on its way. Things were looking bad, for without a doctor we were helpless. However we kept the Aid Post open for the sake of appearances and did what we could for the wounded. I pride myself that I can treat shell shock cases as well as any Harley Street specialist; a strong tot of brandy and a few kind words are all that are required before packing them off to the Field Ambulance, which is the next link in the chain that binds the front line with Blighty.

After the Doctor had gone down the shelling grew in intensity and for a long time no wounded came through, so we sat behind our ammunition boxes and waited for the end.

One of the stretcher bearers with me completely broke down and whimpered like a child and shook from head to foot, another was so badly shaken that I had to send him back. Finally I was

left with only my servant and two men. Literally the shells fell everywhere but on us. It was God's providence that we were not blown sky high, for we waited for eight hours expecting any minute to be killed.

At 10 o'clock that night I made up my mind to evacuate our Aid Post as no wounded had come through for several hours so we packed up what little dressings we still had and went back to the quarry in the valley where I made arrangements with the existing Aid Post there to treat our wounded if and when they came through.

After arranging things in the quarry. I slept with my little band in a German gun pit on a heap of the wicker baskets in which the shells are packed... During the next day (July 19th) the Huns heavily strafed the quarry with krumps and gas shells and did a good lot of damage to the wounded.

That afternoon the Battalion was relieved, and we staggered back to the German trench of which I told you in the earlier part of this letter.

There, in his own words, is the description of a few days in the Battle of the Somme, 1916, the few days which earned Pat Leonard the D.S.O.



General Sir Herbert Plumer, commander of the British Second Army

PAT LEONARD

To sketch in his background. Martin Patrick Grainge Leonard was born on 5th July 1889 at Torpenhow in Cumberland. His father was the Revd. John Grainge Leonard, whose forebears came from County Sligo.

Pat Leonard was educated at Rossall, where he became Captain of the School, and Oriel College, Oxford, where he went as a Mathematics Scholar. He made his name in rowing and boxing. He stroked the College VIII and took his boat up 18 places in 3 years. He boxed as light welterweight for the University. He took his B.A. in 1912 and obtained a T.A. Commission in the 4th Battalion the King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment.

After training at Egerton Hall Theological College, Manchester, he became a curate at St Wilfrid's, Newton Heath, Manchester (the Rossall School Mission, having been made Deacon by the Bishop of Manchester at Michaelmas 1913).

It was remarkable that he should have been allowed to go out to France as a Chaplain so soon after ordination. The reason for this deserves mention.

Prior to his priesting, he had his interview with the Bishop of Manchester. As he read through the personal file, the Bishop's face grew more and more serious. He read out a catalogue of faults and criticisms written by the incumbent - which surprised Leonard considerably, as he thought he had been on very good terms with his incumbent and he had thought his work had been met with approval.

The Bishop ended this unnerving revelation by saying he was very sorry but he could not find it possible to ordain him. Looking up at Leonard and seeing his expression, the Bishop glanced down and said "You are Mr Lennox, aren't you?"

So great was the Bishop's embarrassment at this mistake that he went to considerable lengths to fulfil Leonard's wish to serve as a Chaplain in the B.E.F. The period of training after his Ordination took the unusual form of teaching marksmanship to recruits on Salisbury Plain, the man of peace being a first class shot as well.



THE WESTERN FRONT

The result of all this was that in September 1915 Leonard was on his way to the Front as a Chaplain, in the 8th Battalion The King's Own.

He wrote to his parents regularly and it is from one of these letters that the description of the action is taken, with which this memoir opens.

An incident which many recall was when the Colonel rode up, shaken by the terrible toll on his men and by the loss of his second in command, who had been killed while riding alongside him. The Doctor was gone and all Pat Leonard had left to offer was iodine or brandy. The good stiff brandy did the trick, and the Colonel went his way a little more heartened.

To put into a truer perspective the part he played at the Regimental Aid Post, the citation for the D.S.O. was reported in the London Gazette on the 14th November 1916:

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during protracted operations; he was always moving about among the wounded giving them encouragement. He assisted the Medical Officer in tending the wounded under heavy shell fire and on one occasion carried a wounded man himself on a stretcher. His gallantry and devotion to duty has been beyond praise."

In the words of an Officer of the 2nd Suffolks, who met him in the ruins of Montauban:

"I cannot speak too highly of Pat Leonard, Noel Mellish and 'Nigel' Danvers as Padres of the right stamp. These were men who moved amongst all ranks and were liked by all, both in peace and war, and who really did their proper duty on the battlefield and in billets."

What is perhaps the most remarkable is that the events which have been described could have taken place on many other occasions - the Bluff in March 1916, St Eloi in April 1916, Tilloy and Arras in April 1917, actions where Pat Leonard was deeply involved with the Battalion. A letter to his parents illustrates this:

'Incidentally' (he writes in April 1917) 'it may amuse you to hear that the General asked me a day or two ago whether I should prefer a bar to my DSO, or a Military Cross. I certainly don't deserve or want either when the men who do the fighting and get all the kicks go unrewarded. However, as he insisted, I plumped for a Military Cross. No harm is done, however, as I am sure the recommendation won't go through.'

And soon after he writes, 'the list of rewards came out yesterday and I am glad to say my name was not among the recipients of Military Crosses. I am greatly relieved. It would have been intolerable, while so many fellows who face ten times more dangers, as a matter of course, than I do, go unrewarded.'

In his letters home there are many, many examples which show how much he felt part of his Battalion, but one of the most poignant is this:

'It will doubtless surprise you that we were put over the top again on Saturday evening. It seems sometimes that a brass hat removes a general from the realm of common sense and out of touch with human nature and the limit of human endurance. Our Battalion, reduced to 350 rifles by three weeks constant shelling and sniping, was hardly strong enough to do the work allotted to it - even if the men were fit and fresh; but with them all worn out and dog tired with endless strain and want of

sleep, with swollen feet - not one had had his boots and puttees off for umpteen days - and with shaken nerves, it was suicidal to put them in for another fight.

However, they went off with stiff upper lips and undismayed spirit and would I think, have taken the Bosch trench had it not been that they were caught in our own machine gun barrage as they topped a rise in the ground. That put the finishing touch on, and when they came back to our own lines again under cover of darkness, the whole Battalion numbered 167!

It is only fair to say that the blame doesn't lie with the Machine Gun Corps but the situation is all so uncertain and mixed up that it was small wonder that they didn't realise that their fire, directed quite accurately on the Hun trench, should in its passage sweep the crest over which they had to pass.

'I was ready to meet the poor old Battalion when it staggered down the long road this morning. I went so far to meet them and, as they came limping along in ones and two's, tried to cheer them up with the prospect of the tea and bacon waiting for them. It really was a pathetic sight to see them trying to smile through their masks of mud and matted beards. What heroes they are! And if they don't adhere always to the so-called Christian code of ethics, they are at least very wonderful and lovable pagans.'

A little later he was to write, with feeling:

'We are in again and have again suffered heavily, I am afraid, but the price of victory must be paid. Our Division (3rd) has been paid a very encouraging compliment by the Corps. Our Allies asked that a good Division might be placed immediately on their left. The Corps Commander said he would give them the best he had, so we came back into the line some time before we otherwise would have done.

'This time I am back at the Advanced Dressing Station, miles and miles behind the line, a perfectly safe place to be, but I don't like it and feel very apologetic to all our boys who come through wounded. It is the first time I haven't been with them when they have been in action!'

Perhaps the clearest indication of his part in the Battalion comes from the dedication by General Kentish, on the cover of a bound volume of his "Addresses on Leadership; Esprit de Corps and Morale," presented to Padre Leonard:

France,
September 1916

Dear Padre,

These addresses were not intended for the ears of one who, like yourself, has proved himself a born leader of men and an example for all soldiers to imitate when in action...

I delivered them to the Officers and N.C.O.'s of the III rd and IV th Army Schools... All these Officers and N.C.O.'s wanted help and advice to assist them in their duties. You require no such artificial aid, as nature has given you all those qualities and gifts which go to make the leader. I can never forget your splendid example of gallantry and cheerfulness during the Battle of the Somme, and thank you from the bottom of

my heart for the great part you played in helping the officers and men of the King's Own to play their part, throughout that very intense period of fighting - a part which, thanks in no small measure to you and your efforts in the Battalion, they played so nobly and well.

I hope to hear very soon that you have received the slight reward which you have so well earned.

Yours ever,
R.J. Kentish, (then Lt.Col.)

Leonard had this to say of his role as a Chaplain at the front:

'My work at this Advanced Dressing Station consists chiefly in carrying the stretcher cases into the operating dugout and back again and hoisting them into the cars, getting them a drink of tea, or writing a field postcard for them and generally trying to make them comfortable and buck them up. Any definitely spiritual work - whatever that may mean - is almost impossible here, at least as far as I can see.

'Last Monday I had rather an unusual ministry to perform - one of the last draft wished to be baptised. We were then in bivouacs in a waterless, dusty plain a few miles behind the line, waiting to go up.

'Under the circumstances it wasn't easy to know how to arrange things. Luckily, however, I discovered a disused gun pit with a dugout attached. Here then was my Church, about 6ft square and 5ft 6in high. At one end I fixed a diminutive Altar with Cross and lights, and on the Altar I put my font, which in default of anything more suitable was my chalice.

'What a liturgiologist would say to this I don't know, and hush! entre nous, don't very much care, for we had a most impressive little Service with the catachumen's two pals present to act as sponsors and witnesses. It was a little scene that I am sure will always remain photographed on the minds and hearts I hope of all of us. The same evening the Battalion went into action.

'On active service the Chaplain is jack of all trades and has a finger in every pie. For example I try to run the Mess, I censor letters, I organise concerts, sports and football matches. I keep saying "I"; I should say "we," for all Chaplains are the same. It is not that we have any more experience or skill than anyone else but simply that we have, or are supposed to have, more time.'

X X X X X

'I have written to the families of all the men I have buried, telling them where their sons and husbands lie and all about how they were killed and buried.

'Writing to the bereaved parents and wives is a sad and difficult job but I think it is worth the trouble and, I hope, brings a little comfort to their aching heart.

'I have just received a pathetic little parcel, a cardboard starch-box full of dead roses, sent from England by a bereaved mother with a note asking me to put them on her son's grave. I wish I could, but we are miles away now from where he lies at rest. If we ever go back there, which I trust we never shall, I will buy some for her boy's grave.'

'I got back to my billet at 3 o'clock this morning looking and feeling like Rip van Winkle. The show is over (fighting at Beaumont-Hamel) but the Battalion is still in the line. I have come out since the stream of wounded has ceased and I have a lot of letters to write, not only to the bereaved, but also to the wives and mothers of the wounded, who have given me a pocket-book full of messages to send,'

On a different note, a few incidents which occurred in those months:

'We have lately lost our Interpreter, who has been promoted to a Brigade, so it now falls to my lot, in virtue of a little knowledge of the vulgar tongue, to go round arranging billets, settling claims for damaged crops and generally acting as the connecting link of the entente.

'We marched until midnight when we found ourselves in another straggling village (Coisy). Here we were to spend the night, so we set to work to find billets for the Battalion. I wonder if you can realise what this means in the dark and an unknown village, searching round for barns in which to house a thousand men, and billets for nearly 40 officers. Officers are entitled to a bed when they can be found, but in a village such as this the total number of spare beds is about 18 so many slept on the floor. In addition to all this finding of billets, a room had to be found for the Orderly Room, for the Guardroom, for the sick, for the Mess and similar institutions.

'I wish I could paint a picture of it for you - officers rushing about looking for their Battalions or the billets to which to lead them; curious and sleepy-eyed peasant women watching the troops or holding a flickering-candle for the Billeting Officer to make his notes. In the shadows at the side of the streets, bodies of troops, recognisable by the countless points of red from their glowing pipes or cigarettes, the lumbering transport, the field kitchens belching forth smoke and sparks, and, swarming everywhere, officers' servants, orderlies, stragglers and the whole gamut of lost and bewildered souls looking for their vanished Battalion or their elusive billets.

'While waiting for the second half of the exodus, the pangs of hunger assailed me. The Mess was naturally all of a nohow so off I went to the nearest Belgian cottage and in my very best French asked the good lady of the house if she could give me quelquechose à manger I was doubly hurt and disappointed when in broken English she replied, "I no sprechen English." Smiling bravely to hide my aching pride and tummy I withdrew to the local estaminet where I demolished an excellent omelette and salved my lacerated feelings in a beaker of native vinegar.

'I hurried back to my tender and got inside the back to shelter from the cold, wintry wind. After a weary wait in the dark, I heard the welcome sound of the driver winding up the engine and could scarce forbear to cheer. At the precise moment the car started, a fellow hurled himself in behind - a regular leap in the dark - and caught me fair and square on the bridge of the nose with his hoof.

'Roused from a state of coma I asked him what the blankety blank he thought he was doing. In the dark he couldn't see me and in fact, until I spoke, was ignorant of the presence of a fellow passenger, "Who the blank are you anyway?" he said, after which we relapsed into silence, and it wasn't until we both got into the light of our headlights at the end of the journey that I discovered he was the Sergeant-Major and he discovered I was the Padre.'

X X X X X

'One of the Welsh Fusiliers inflamed with drink loaded his rifle and started to 'blaze into the brown'. Unfortunately he killed a man in a neighbouring barn and wounded another. He is now awaiting the publication of his sentence. I went to see him today and offer my services but he would have none of me - wouldn't speak at all and shook his head when I asked if I could do anything for him, I'm afraid he is a hard case and a regular bad lot and the sort of man who might just as easily have got a V.C...

'Since I wrote last I have had one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life. The Welshman who ran amok was condemned to death and I had to break the news to him and prepare him for death and be present at the execution. I cannot write about it now; it is still too fresh and terrible, but I will tell you all about it when we meet. Suffice it to say now that he died well - he made a good confession and faced the firing party like a man.'

To give some idea of the ways and settings in which Padre Leonard ministered to his flock:

'Since rejoining the Battalion I haven't had a chance of having prayers each evening and I quite miss my nightly tour round the dimly lighted barns. There is something wonderfully real about Services under such conditions, the hymn unaccompanied and sometimes out of tune, the barns draughty and ill-lighted by a flickering candle or two, the men lying rolled in their blankets or standing round ready for bed, or in a far corner gambling their pennies away by the help of a greasy pack of cards and an old packing case. It would be the last place one would expect to find God, but His presence is more really felt than in many a finely furnished Church at home.

'The same is true, only more so, at our little Celebrations. I managed to arrange two last Sunday; one in a bell tent at 7 o'clock and the other at 8 in a nice hut. In the bell tent my altar was a packing case, but well disguised with a Union Jack, candlesticks and a little wooden cross, made from the old oak from the roof of Romsey Abbey.'

X X X X X

'Last Sunday I rode over to the Welsh at 7.30am to give them a Celebration. The place arranged for the Service was the Quartermaster's stores - an old cow-byre. At one end I arranged my altar of packing cases, all round the sides were other packing cases, bales of bully beef and biscuits and gas helmets and articles of clothing and boots and legs of ham, and all the hundred and one things which live in a Q.M.s stores. The mixture of odours - leather, ham and stale cow - was calculated to intrude on our devotions, but as a matter of fact, it didn't.

'The floor was covered with straw and folded blankets and the 20 Royal Welsh who came (headed by the Colonel, Adjutant, Major and 12 other officers) knelt down just as they came in. It really is extraordinary how near God seems to be at these little Services out here - and the more discordant and uncomfortable the surroundings, the more real is the spirit of worship, Certainly experiences like these bring out the nobility and grandeur of our own simple Liturgy.

'Last Wednesday I had a Celebration at the Field Ambulance in order that my confirmandi might make their first Communion. The evening before, I arranged a little service of preparation. The only place available was a vaulted cellar. It reminded me of the catacombs. As each man came down the stone steps out of the gloom into the little circle of light thrown by a couple of candles, I felt that we had been transplanted

back to the dawn of Christianity and were meeting in secret - "the doors being shut for fear of the Jews."

X X X X X

'The quiet day at Talbot House (in March 1916) had been arranged for the Chaplains of our Division and we had managed to get Neville Talbot to take it for us.

'Life out here is necessarily dominated so largely by the material side of war and everything is so physical that the spiritual is crowded out. We have so much serving of tables to do that it is hard to keep the other side of our work uppermost. Physical force, physical health, physical comfort or discomfort are the ever-present fundamental basis of all thought and care, and they combine to smother the faint voice of the Spirit.

'I know that I find it increasingly difficult to keep my lamp burning brightly, for the individual soul is very much dependent for its vitality and growth upon the capacity of the souls around it. Living among worldly people and shut in by the cult and worship of physical force, it is not really surprising that we so quickly become unspiritual.

TALBOT HOUSE

'A quiet day for meditation was what we all needed and I more than most for I was becoming dead and cold. The place chosen for our little Retreat was Talbot House in Poperinghe.

Talbot who is out here as Chaplain to another Division has rented a large house and has fitted it up as a haven of rest for officers and men alike. Downstairs is devoted to recreation and the gratification of the stomach. The first floor consists of a certain number of bedrooms for officers going or returning from leave, and writing and reading rooms for the men. Above, on the next floor, are quiet rooms and more bedrooms, while at the top of the house, in a large and lofty attic, he has fitted up a most delightful and beautiful little chapel. The attic is lofty, as I have said, with a pointed roof and oak beams across with a loft at one end, in which stands the harmonium. The other end wall is hung with heavy curtains and banners taken from Ypres Cathedral and other ruined churches in the neighbourhood. In the centre stands the altar, raised on two steps. Behind is a sacred picture as reredos, and hanging from a beam above is the red glimmer of the sanctuary lamp.

'All down the centre runs a beautiful Turkish carpet, with two carved oak standard candlesticks halfway down. The lighting is all done by candles. A gilt candelabra hangs from the middle beams, while each form - placed obliquely down each side of the room - has a tall wooden candlestick fixed at each end.

'The combination of the rich colour of the hangings and carpets and the soft light of dozens of candles makes the little chapel an ideal haven of rest and a perfect little house of God.

'Altogether it was a very delightful and helpful experience.

X X X X X

'Christmas morning I was up betimes at 5.30am. My first celebration was at 7 o'clock at the Field Ambulance in a small operating tent. It was packed out with officers and men. It was a ripping Service and had quite the Christmas spirit. Then back to my hut for a cup of coffee and off once more on my horse 3 or 4 miles to a Field Company of the R.E. I gave them a Celebration in a recreation hut and they very kindly gave me breakfast. Then back once more to my hut for fresh supplies of wine and wafers and off at once 4 miles to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. They too had a Celebration, though as they had just come in from the trenches, only about 20 came to the Service.

'Christmas night I spent in the trenches. Everything was very quiet, though there was no fraternising with the Hun this year. In fact, a great and bitter strafe had been arranged for the Birthday of the Prince of Peace, but better feeling prevailed and the day passed quietly.

'Next morning after 3 hours' sleep I ploughed my way down the two muddy miles to the Brigade HQ and gave them a chance of making their Christmas Communion. Meanwhile an artillery engagement was beginning, so we worshipped the Babe of God, not to the accompanying voices of the Angel Host proclaiming their Hosannas of Peace, but to the loud raucous voice of the heavies.'

X X X X X

'Today - it is now 11.15 pm - has been a busy Sunday for me: three Celebrations with a total of 74 communicants, two Church Parades and a voluntary Evensong and sermon this evening. The Services are not so tiring in themselves but it is the packing and unpacking of my Communion bag and robes, the long rides between each Service and, above all, the constant strain of trying to keep up to time and avoiding or counteracting the unexpected, which is always a very present menace on active service.

'The evening Services for the A.S.C and R.A.M.C. (at Eecke) were both in barns lighted with candles, I must confess to a great liking for those primitive mission services. The straw and the dim religious light and the men sitting or kneeling round is really very inspiring and helpful. It is all so elemental, childlike and simple - and therefore so convincing.

X X X X X

'Last Wednesday (12 May 1916) the Chaplains of the Army gathered at Poperinghe to meet His Grace of Canterbury. It was an historic occasion and we were a very motley crew, Chaplains in the wideawakes of sunny Australia and the khaki twill of the tropics, Chaplains in steel helmets who have never seen the front line, Chaplains garbed in kilt and sporran, Chaplains with beards and Chaplains without - all met to pay homage to the great man.

'He, noble man, was gracious to us all, though he must have thought that his suit of sober black was peculiarly out of place at such a fancy dress ball!

'The proceedings commenced with the inevitable conference, held luckily out of doors so that the flagging interest of the weaker brethren found food for thought in the glory of nature and the skill of our airmen

'When all were exhausted, even the most persevering of the hot air brigade, the Senior Chaplains of each Division were presented to His Grace the Arch-prelate. Our Senior was on leave so I deputised for him.

'It was a tense moment, fraught with potential greatness when hand grasped hand and eye met eye - words were superfluous - as a matter of fact the only remark that I could think of was bow-wow and the other great man (sic) seemed equally tongue-tied, so I passed on in dignified silence.

'Later it was my duty to introduce to his notice the other Chaplains of the Division. Introductions never were my strong point and it's no easy matter to be original in such times of stress... However it didn't much matter as "me lord" was evidently preoccupied with his address - which he gave us later in the chapel at Talbot House.

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'I had a Celebration in a little Y.M.C.A. hut (at Kemmel) - the nearest to the front trenches which they have, I am told. The only thing which I could use as an altar was the piano. Luckily it is an upright with a flat lid over the keyboard. This was my altar and the top of the piano was my retable with cross and flowers upon it. (19.5.16).

8 July 1916. 'We learnt that we were moving up to take part in the heavy fighting, so I arranged Services of preparation and commendation.'

'I had another celebration in the corner of a cornfield (Les Celestins Wood), looking down into the valley below. My altar was a low box, not more than 2 foot high, and the officers and men knelt in a semicircle.

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'I had my Services, as last Sunday, in a glade in a plantation of elms, I think. I wish I could make you see it; the nave of my cathedral was the arching branches of the trees, my little altar - a vivid splash of white against the background of green, my reredos and east window - a vista of mossy grass tartaned by the sunlight shining through the tracery of the avenue of trees beyond, while round the altar knelt the officers and men who came to pay their duty to the King of Kings.

'This evening we met there again and sang hymns, sitting and lying on the shady grass, until the Last Post called us home to camp.'

was at Mericourt, three weeks after the bitter fighting at Longueval.

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'Yesterday (20 Dec.1916) I tried a new experiment which I intend to repeat. I posted notices up in the Field Ambulance calling for a Debate on the subject, "How and why the Church has failed", and fixing a time and place. Last night I rode over and found about 20 men waiting for me. So, round the stove in their billet, we tried to find the cause of the apparent apathy of the masses for what we feel is the very foundation of our life,

'I opened the debate by explaining that we Chaplains felt that we had a pearl of great price which we wanted to share with all, but were astounded and perplexed that so many were not only unwilling but were absolutely unconscious of the need - and I appealed to them to tell me what they would do in my place. Of course we had to listen to the tales of erring parsons and the scandals of formality, but on the whole it was a great help and at any rate we broke new ground. Quite a lot of the men commented on the fact that it was a sign of a new era that the Church should come, as it were, to the working man and ask his advice.

'It is bitter to reflect on the greatness of the opportunities among men so magnificent and magnanimous, and the miserable, halting, timid holding out of the hands to take them. I feel more and more how much I ought to do and how pitifully little I succeed in doing.'

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'Last night I buried our Staff Captain (killed by a stray 'woolly bear') in the Military Cemetery which lies just behind our original front line, in a little hollow which is now bristling with our guns. It was like being in an inferno: the guns were firing as hard as they could be loaded, on all sides of us, so that no one could hear a single word of the Service. There was no need even if such a thing had been possible, to fire three volleys over his grave as the guns and the "hows" did it instead.

'The Senior Chaplains Conference at Amiens was a splendid meeting and for once a clerical conference didn't live up to its reputation of being the body of Anti-Christ. It

was to settle the part we could play in the National Mission. I have come away very much helped, encouraged and inspired.

'After lunch on Sunday I wandered up towards the front (near Tilloy) over the lines and lines of old trenches captured on Easter Monday and now occupied by the Divisions in reserve. In the foremost of these I found the Royal Welsh and the East Ridings (Field Company of Engineers). I soon fixed up Services for them. At both of them the fellows sat round the sloping sides of the biggest shell crater I could find, while I stood at the bottom. I suppose there were about 100 or 150 at each service. They were packed so tight that, had I asked them to stand up, I'm sure they would all have slipped to the bottom in a seething mass and smothered the parson. So I let them sit the whole time. After all it's no bad thing to make them realise that the position of the body isn't vital to the right attitude of the spirit.

'The Brigade Staff came to the second Service. I am exceedingly lucky in the Brigade Staff - from the General down they are all most charming and encourage and help me all they can.'

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'I arrived one day to take a Church Parade for the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with my box of hymn books. A Sergeant from each of the 16 platoons stood round to receive their dole while I undid the box - and exposed to their incredulous view as fair a piece of loot as was ever seen. Embedded among the books was a really fine, chased bronze fruit dish, beautifully embossed with prancing horses and fair maidens. Joseph's brothers weren't half so surprised at finding their money in their bags of corn as these worthy Sergeants were at finding their Padre secreting his loot in his hymn books. I couldn't in self respect explain that it was my servant and not me who was responsible for this acquisition!'

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ROYAL FLYING CORPS

After two weeks as Chaplain to the Royal Flying Corps, he writes:

'There doesn't appear to be such need or scope for a Padre as in the infantry - or rather I should say, work isn't quite so easy to find. I find it rather harder to get in touch with the men. They are always busy and, being specialists, are a good deal scattered, plying their various trades. Unfortunately there are no trenches to wander round where men are only too ready to have a crack to fill up a slack half hour.

'On the other hand there is plenty of work to be done with the young Subs. They are nearly all kids, the average age is about 20, and easily led. The trouble in the Flying Corps is that there is so much waiting. If the weather is dud, they have nothing to do but sit in the Mess playing auction and drinking whisky or cocktails, waiting for the weather to clear. And if it is fine, as soon as they have done their job of work - three hours flying - they have nothing else to fill in the remaining 21 hours and they can't get away in case they should suddenly be sent up again.

'In my own Squadron (No. 9) I am now quite at home and rag them if they swear or drink more than is good for them - and generally keep them in order.

'On Sunday I managed to get up in time to call my flock for the 7 am Service. Not having a church bell I find the only way to ensure having a congregation is to go round the huts and wake up all those who signified their intention of coming and not only wake them up but insist on their getting up. This I generally achieve by lighting a lamp or switching on their torch light so that it shines in their eyes, for I hardly have time to go round all the huts a second time.'

He adds a little later this note from the heart:

'Preaching to one's pals in their own smoking room is about as difficult a job as I know.'

'I enjoyed the R.A.F. Chaplains' Conference especially because I met a lot of old friends and really, out here, it is a relief to get into the atmosphere of religion and among people who understand. The Padre really is a lonely sort of soul despite his many pagan friends. He has to make and keep his own atmosphere, which isn't always easy in the ultra-material world which war creates.'

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The last reference in the War Diaries reads:

'On Good Friday (1919) I had a short Devotional Service and I was awfully bucked because the whole of the Rugger team came to it and most of the Boxing people too, so perhaps after all this strange way of spending Holy Week and Easter, (preparing for the great Sports Meeting at Vron) hasn't been altogether in vain.

SPORTING PADRE

Padre Leonard's sporting prowess came into full play during rest periods from the Front.

'We are settling down very happily in our rest billets (Hellebrouck Chateau) making vast preparations for a perfect orgy of sport – football, boxing, cross-country running, to say nothing of a concert or two to while away the long evenings.

'In a moment of weakness I offered to box three rounds with anyone my own weight. Judge then of my consternation when the assembled Mess pushed forward a newly-joined Subaltern who on his own showing, was an ex-champion of some sort. Fortunately however for me, he had been "bottling up" a good deal, though I didn't know this until later.

'On the call of time, I advanced, trembling, determined however to get one clip in before they carried me away. As soon as the formality of joining hands and walking round each other had been performed, I led with my left and landed full on his mouth, which seemed to let loose all the powers that work windmills. Before I knew what had happened, I was in the middle of a perfect hail of swinging arms. After mixing it for a bit, I made a series of strategic movements to the rear, closely followed by this dancing dervish.

'However, despite my fears, I found I could land pretty easily and it was then I realised my opponent was not altogether what the medicos call 'compos mentis.'

'The friendly timekeeper, fearing that I would get eaten up, called time about half way through - for which I was thankful as my reverse gear was getting tired.

'The second round was more or less a repetition of the first, and the third was the same until I got in a lucky clip on his jaw and dropped him. It wasn't a knock-out but it terminated the proceedings and we dashed off for a wash before the General arrived...

'The General in his kindly genial way went down to sit among the subs to drink his port and by chance sat next to my late opponent, with whom he tried to chat, but his answers were a trifle distraught. Conversation was beginning to flag, when it was abruptly closed by the disappearance backwards of the sub. Whether it was the dizziness of a slightly concussed brain, or the whirling fumes of Bacchus, or a sudden rush of blood to the head due to the close proximity of a live General, or a combination of all three, I cannot say; but the sudden disappearance of the General's tête-à-tête and the crash of dancing glass as his toes caught the underneath of the table, was a moment fraught with some surprise and consternation.

'In the evening we had our great Boxing Show, the most ambitious we have ever tried - all professionals collected from all round the countryside.

'The hangar in which the meeting took place was converted into a miniature K.S.C. - a raised ring in the centre with electric arc lights above, and all round, banks of seats improvised from all sorts of odd timber and boxes. When the show started at six o'clock there must have been nearly 2000 souls packed round the ring.

'One of the items on the programme was an exhibition bout between Bandsman Rice and Trooper Wood of New Zealand. Wood, however, failed to turn up and who do you think helped to deputise? None other than your young hopeful. Rice asked me if I would spar two rounds with him and seemed mighty keen to get me in the ring. I told

him I was no aspirer either for championship honours or an early grave but, on his promise to let me down lightly, I agreed.

'As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, for you have to get into the ring with one of those fellows to realise how immeasurably they are above the ordinary mortal. His footwork was marvellous and despite his size and weight he was as light as a feather. My first three attempts to hit him were ludicrous. I never saw him move, but I was at least a foot short each time. Having sized me up, he let me hit him, and smothered me in return with taps which wouldn't have hurt a fly. Duck and slip as I would, he always touched me - and never heavily.'

This evoked the following comment in an English sporting newspaper:

"Sgt. Bandsman Rice, the famous boxer, gave some good exhibitions of boxing. First gave two rounds with Rev. M.P.G. Leonard, DSO - the Padre - a veritable 'fighting paragon'. In this Rice showed what a master he is at footwork and the Padre showed he was quite used to the mits."

A cryptic note reveals a little of the Padre's attitude to his role:

'Sunday was a strenuous day with a hard game in the scrum sandwiched between my seven Services.'

Having had many games of rugger for the Battalion as a forward, he was pleased to be able to write home:

'I found a place in the RAF team which played the Army of Occupation. It was a great and strenuous match, hard and fast all through, and ended in a draw - no score to either side, despite the crop of internationals playing.

'It was after the match that they asked me to stay on and play in the Vron show, and being greatly flattered at the idea of representing the RAF of the Army of Occupation I didn't take very much persuading.

'In addition to playing rugger I've also been persuaded to box in the Officers' Middleweights.' Later he added:

'I'm not boxing after all. As the rugger final is at 2.0 pm and the boxing at 4.30 pm it was decided to put my second string in against the late Amateur Middleweight Champion of India.'

Thus it was that Padre Leonard played in the finals of the Vron Cup.

On another occasion in 1919:

'On Monday I had a great joy. I renewed my Oxford days by going out on the Rhine in a light pair.

'It was extraordinary. I've almost forgotten how to row and found it very hard to keep time.

'My left wrist got so tired trying to feather that I caught a crab and nearly had myself and Major Ryan into the icy water.

'Do you remember Father that memorable occasion in Toggery when we were sunk by Trinity and had to swim ashore? It was cold that day!'

There were a few remarks in the letters from France which referred to Leonard's plans after demobilisation:

'Bishop Neligan's article in "The East and the West" is probably sound and personally I hope sooner or later to offer myself to the U.M.C.A.* but I must confess at the moment I am longing for just that ordinary life at home "where nothing happens" as a change to this ever-changing nomadic existence...'

(*Universities Mission to Central Africa)

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'I enclose this letter from the new Headmaster of Cheltenham (Major H.H. Hardy). I am greatly attracted by the idea of going there. In many ways it would suit me down to the ground. I like boys and school life and moreover they row at Cheltenham. But the point is: will Denis Fletcher think I'm letting him down if I leave him after six months to go to Cheltenham?'

'Please let me know what you think. I like the idea immensely but I don't want to let Fletcher down or do the wrong thing. So attractive is it, in fact, that I almost mistrust it.'

Reassured, by his father's advice he wrote:

'I'm glad you approve of the Cheltenham idea, Father dear. I shall accept it if I like Major Hardy and if after the interview the offer is still open.'

Leonard did like Major Hardy - in fact they were to become lifelong friends and fellow mountaineers - and after some months at Newton Heath moved to Cheltenham to become Chaplain to the College.

This was a great success and was only ended by the challenge of Toc H in 1922. This was a step in the dark, but it was to prove the beginning of a long and valuable association with the Movement.



Toc H

To very many, in all parts of the world, the name of Pat Leonard would always be linked with Toc H.

This association, which was to be so fruitful, sprang from the visits which he made to Talbot House, where so many were inspired and renewed through those terrible years in Flanders in the First World War.

The fellowship and the ideals of sacrifice and service which had figured so largely in that haven of peace in Poperinghe were destined to extend far beyond the confines of Flanders. In response to the tremendous enthusiasm of those thousands who had visited Talbot House, there were gatherings in London and there were set up hostels on the pattern of Talbot House.

The movement became officially known as Toc H. This was the army signallers' version of T.H.-Talbot House. Some were at first dubious of such a title, but so great was the impact of Talbot House in Poperinghe, and so dynamic and inspiring the founder Padre, Tubby Clayton, that the movement grew at a remarkable rate and the name became universally recognised.

As ex-servicemen returned to their own parts of the world, the flame which had been lit in Flanders still glowed. Soon it was seen that the new movement, sponsored by the Prince of Wales (who appeared in person on many occasions), and supported by men of all ranks, was far too full of potential to be confined to the London area.

Accordingly, an appeal went out from Tubby for local secretaries in other parts of the country to come forward and to consider starting up local branches of Toc H.

The response to this appeal was immediate and enthusiastic, and soon really first-class leadership outside London began to emerge.

For example, Pat Leonard, who had returned from a brave and brilliant war service to be Chaplain of Cheltenham College, was so impressed that he resigned his chaplaincy for the uncertain adventure of Toc H.

MANCHESTER

He was shortly afterwards transferred to Manchester where he was appointed Staff Padre.

"Our house in Manchester opens on Saturday next, (Clayton told Lord Salisbury), and I said God speed to the wonderful Pat Leonard DSO, its Chaplain, yesterday."

At this time too, it was realised that inevitably there would have to be a change in the emphasis of the movement. The ideal of fellowship was appreciated deeply by the ex-servicemen. To them, this was an experience which went to the roots of their being.

But it was not so with the young men with whom Toc H would be concerned if it were to continue into the future. To them, an ideal of service, of challenge, was vital. Toc H saw future members in the younger brothers of those who had fallen in the War - those Elder Brethren as they have been known in Toc H ever since.

There was a very strong feeling that such sacrifice and suffering in the War must be met with grateful determination. It must be justified by those to whom the future was entrusted.

Nowhere can this more clearly be seen than in the poems and writings of Studdert Kennedy. There is a revolt against hypocrisy. There is a keen awareness that we have a heavy responsibility to those who gave their lives for our freedom. But above all there is the living memory of

fellowship, of God met in the trenches, of the quiet heroism of so many.

Pat Leonard was later to sum up the spirit of Toc H in these words:

'Toc H is neither High Church nor Low Church. I can most solemnly assure you that Toc H has no ulterior motive, but is what it professes to be, a Christianising Society basing its methods on the belief that, for most men, the surest way to learn to love God with heart and soul and strength is to learn to love your neighbour as yourself. The first great commandment stands pre-eminent, but cannot truly be divorced from the second, hence Toc H's insistence upon fellowship; but profiting by the experience of the War, Toc H believes that human fellowship can only be built on the foundation of service - hence the prominence given to the Jobmaster. In a nutshell I would say that Toc H believes wholeheartedly that if it can make men set their feet upon the Way and can encourage them to keep moving along it in the right direction, they will sooner or later meet the Lord of the Way. It has no other purpose than to introduce men to God and help them find their true happiness in working in harmony with His Will for the building of His Kingdom upon Earth.'

This enthusiasm shines forth from the very start of the story of Toc H. It was inspired and nourished by the securing of All Hallows as the Guild Church of Toc H. It led to the idea of the All Hallows Lunch Club. It led also to the idea of hostels, providing a home and friends right on the spot where young men's working lives were spent. These hostels became known as Mark I, Mark II and so forth - in typical army style. And as they were set up in all parts of the country, they became sought-after digs in cities. Perhaps the most eager applicants were those whose experience of the fellowship and ideals of Talbot House was still very much alive. Anything they could do to recapture its essence for themselves - or for their younger brothers or their growing sons - they were keen to do.

And it was against this background of the expanding, living force of Toc H that Pat Leonard responded to the appeal for full-time staff.

One of his first tasks was to foster the growth of Toc H branches in Lancashire and the Midlands. He was for several years closely connected with the Manchester hostel, Mark IV, where he was Staff Padre. His success in Manchester was phenomenal.

People who knew him at this time described him as the epitome of a good Padre. They knew they would always get something of value from hearing him.

What appealed to people was his whole personality. There was humour, there was wisdom and always a readiness to listen. Again and again they speak of the refreshing atmosphere which he brought with him. There was none of the sanctimoniousness which they associated with the clergy. Young men were attracted by his athletic prowess in particular. His boxing and his mountaineering stood out. In fact there were very few sports at which he did not distinguish himself.

But deeper than all this is the spiritual strength which seems to have been there even in the early years of his ministry, in France in 1915. Certainly it is this which impressed his friends and casual acquaintances throughout his life.

Looking back on those days, one of his friends in Mark IV records:

'The first thing to stress about Pat is his complete faith, from which his other qualities stemmed. He said once that he was never troubled by doubt, and that this

made it hard for him to help those who were. Perhaps that was true in a way, but his fine example and leadership must have encouraged many to resolve their own doubts.

'In the Mark and in the branch he was the true padre, "the friend and adviser of all on board." He was also quite informal on all ordinary occasions. My first example of this was on the evening when the Manchester branch's petition for a lamp was being signed. I had only been in the Mark for a short time, and when Pat called on me to sign, I said I was not a member of Toc H. "Oh, you must be a member, Jimmy." said Pat. A form was produced and filled in, after which I signed the petition. There weren't any rules about being a probationer in those days.

Also he was supremely patient. There was an occasion when we had a party at Mark IV for poor children. They played in the garden and climbed all over the rockery. Pat happened to be away and when he returned he told us more in sorrow than in anger that he had been spending his spare time stocking the rockery with plants - nearly all of which had been eliminated by our visitors.'

THE WORLD TOUR

(See the Punch cartoon (Inside Front Cover) and the letters from so many famous well-wishers (Appendix))

It was in 1925 that the name of Pat Leonard became specially linked with that of Tubby Clayton, the Founder Padre of Toc H. It was decided that the time had come for Tubby to make a World Tour and that Pat Leonard should go with him. Tubby's visit to Canada and New York in 1922 had been a great success. It was hoped to consolidate this success and to stimulate interest and support for the movement in the Dominions.

So on Thursday, 5th February 1925, there began "the great adventure," as Pat Leonard records. After a royal reception by the Cunarder crowd on the R.N.S. Antonia, 30-40 members of Toc H had come on board. A battery of cameras had opened fire on Tubby explaining the Everest Lamp to the Captain. Then the members had given a hearty rendering of the song Rogerum and, after rousing farewell cheers, left just before the vessel sailed.

The Everest Lamp was a replica of the Lamp of Maintenance, the symbol of Toc H. Such lamps are made to commemorate any particularly fine and sportsmanlike acts, and are allotted to groups that have, by their record of service, qualified for Branch status. This particular lamp was presented by the brother of Andrew Irvine, who was lost in an Everest expedition not long before. The lamp was lit by the Prince of Wales in December 1924 and was destined for a group of rubber planters in the Federated Malay States.

Rogerum is almost the Toc H hymn, though a surprising choice until its origin is known. This was the marching song of The Queen's Westminster Rifles. One of the most poignant memories of the War was the sight of the 35 survivors of The Queen's Westminsters, who had left more than 100 of their comrades on the battlefield, swinging down the road into Poperinghe, weary, tattered yet singing - and the song was "Rogerum." Ever since, that rough army marching song has had almost sacred associations for Toc H.

The World Tour began with inauspicious weather; on the daily report, "strong wind, rough sea, overcast with rain" soon gave way to "moderate to fresh gale, high sea," But as the weather became less turbulent - despite hail and snow squalls - the passengers became more animated and on Wednesday, 11th February, the public campaign opened with a lecture on Toc H by Tubby, illustrated with slides shown by Pat.

This was a pattern often to be followed in the ensuing months. Pat would give the facts - or show the slides - while, as he put it, Tubby prophesied and stirred the imagination of his hearers.

On the Saturday, on a beautifully fine morning - which perhaps set the tone for the tour - the Antonia steamed up the passage to Halifax, Nova Scotia, amid floating ice. And the warm welcome they received from the Haligonians (or Bluenoses) delighted Tubby and Pat.

AMERICA AND CANADA

After Halifax, the next port of call was New York. Here the Cunard people arranged a luncheon on board, to which various important persons were invited. Tubby and Pat were photographed from every conceivable angle and their pearls of wisdom recorded in laborious longhand by a very persistent lady reporter, who covered sheets and sheets of notepaper.

However, the interest in Toc H which this revealed was encouraging and was to be reflected in many places, during the next month in the United States.

There were talks to American servicemen, to business men, to the Army and Navy Club (with

Theodore Roosevelt in the Chair), but at first it seemed difficult to get below the charming and hospitable surface. Then they began, as Pat puts it, "to get in touch with the area of life in which Toc H might find congenial soil" in the next few days - at Baltimore with a gathering of Rhodes scholars, at Philadelphia with young married couples and in meetings arranged by a great standby, Lewis N. Lukens of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

'They were obviously moved and Tubby led them pretty deep. Something will doubtless happen though it may not be Toc H as we know it'

Boston was much more congenial. The response can be seen by the fact that over 1000 people came each day to the series of half-hour Services which Tubby and Pat held in Boston Cathedral at midday. Their theme was the Christianity of sacrifice and service illustrated by Toc H.

One of the most fruitful contacts was Harvard. Tubby started a group among the students and was very excited at their interest.

It is remarkable to note how much part was played by the senior church dignitaries in the arrangements for Toc H. Again and again Tubby and Pat were entertained by the Bishops, preached in the Cathedrals and met people gathered for the occasion by them, as they travelled in Canada and later New Zealand and Australia.

It is clear that the fame of the movement had spread far and wide and that many in authority in Church and State, in business and in the services, were glad to help.

In April Tubby and Pat were in Canada.

Again there were talks to all manner of interested groups. Pat spoke to a number of Scoutmasters at Scout H.Q. about the essential connection between Toc H and Scouting. This was an important aspect of Toc H work, and Toc H members were very much encouraged to give their services as Scoutmasters. Both movements shared a Christian foundation and were to a great extent complementary. Both had high ideals and stressed fellowship and service.

In Winnipeg, after a meeting with clergy in the basement of Christchurch, Pat said he thought that the myth had been exploded for good that Toc H was a secret weapon of the Anglo-Catholics - though it is surprising that this view should have arisen when the number of contacts with Free Church and Roman Catholic members is borne in mind.

Hosts had been Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists. Tubby and Pat had preached in Nonconformist churches and padres had been appointed from all branches of the Christian Church.

On 6th May, after visits to most of the major cities from Quebec to Vancouver, Tubby and Pat left Canada. Toc H had gained such a hold in Canada that Canadians were occasionally inclined to think it started there. One was quoted as saying to Tubby, "I hear you are starting Toc H in England too."



Tubby Clayton (with lamp) and Pat at Southampton before the World Tour. © Pathe News 28

NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

After floral welcomes in Honolulu and episcopal welcomes in Suva, Tubby and Pat arrived in Auckland on 25th May. Their host, chauffeur and Father in God was Archbishop Averill. He took them to King's College, 'the Eton of New Zealand,' as Pat calls it, gathered 40 clerics at Bishopscourt and presided at an evening meeting for them. Pat was very taken with New Zealand and thoroughly enjoyed the visit. Indeed, later he was often to look back on his stay in New Zealand as one of the pleasantest parts of this tour.

One of the events was the inaugural meeting of the Wellington Group on 11th June. Such was the enthusiasm and the chatter that the Padre said 'I've heard so much talking I began to wonder if the name wasn't Talk H.'

As usual Pat was in charge of the practical arrangements and spent a good deal of time with tickets, drafts, cables, bills and photographs. Trying to keep to a fairly tight schedule with someone so unpunctual and unsystematic as Tubby was something of an undertaking. He was to put it graphically on a later occasion:

'I was his wet nurse and baggage master and he could be absolutely infuriating. He had no sense of time - persons were more important than punctuality - he is a great beggar, he has no sense of money, he is frightfully untidy and never travels light. So on the trip we had taken 17 trunks, packing cases and suitcases containing epidiascopes, typewriters, bales of literature and clothes for every conceivable climate from arctic to tropical.

'I counted these off every train and every steamer for 12 months until I knew them by name.' Eventually on return to England they passed through the Customs at Victoria with a minimum of formality, loaded up on to a fleet of taxis and drove off to Tower Hill.

They unloaded and checked the luggage for the last time - to find 18 pieces.

'We had "made" one on the last lap of the journey - a large heavy leather suitcase, unlocked. We opened it and found it was packed with the most lovely filmy French underclothes.

'At the time I was not married, unfortunately, and I have always regretted handing that case back to the Customs - it would have solved birthday and Christmas problems for years. So, back it went and I don't think we were even thanked for it. '

(However, this time there were no major hitches, and the ship sailed from New Zealand for Australia, with them aboard.)

So it was on the 16th June that Tubby and Pat arrived in Sydney. They were received extremely kindly at Admiralty House by Lord and Lady Forster, with whom they were to stay. It was in fact Lord Forster, the Governor General, who invited Tubby to Australia in the first place, being himself a keen supporter of Toc H.

In the course of an interview for the Australian Press, Tubby spoke of the aims and ideals of the Movement.

'Toc H is a series of teams,' he said, 'of men under middle age - for the most part between the ages of 20 and 30. These undertake to give a proportion of their time to social service, particularly in boys' work. Seven or eight hundred Scoutmasters have been provided in the last two years, the biggest gift ever made to Scouting. A quarter

of a million of the boys of Great Britain are under our charge, either through the Scout Movement, Brigade work, Newsboys' Clubs, Juvenile Offenders' or Children's Courts, sometimes through the most down and out clubs one could imagine,'

He continued, 'Wherever young men are needed, Toc H is doing its level best. It has arisen out of the shortage of good men, brought about by the War which cost not only money but many men who could not be spared. Every country heavily engaged lost men who would have left their mark in building the Kingdom of God. If you take a million men from the best breeding stock of a nation, you not only deprive the country of them, but of their children... We are now trying to replace good men by making the best of every boy we can get hold of, and we are doing this by challenging the young men of the country to get busy with unselfish service.'

In Sydney, Lord Forster said he hoped the Movement would be a success in Australia before he left as his term of office drew to an end. 'We live in an age of materialism,' he said, 'and material things make a claim which is imperative; we live in a land of sunshine and the sunshine is ever calling; we live in a land of sport and the god of sport is constantly beckoning. And because of these things, I have been told that there is no room for Toc H here. I do not believe it. When Australia learns what this Movement stands for, and the nobility of its ideals, plenty of room will be made for it.'

'Beneath the laughing exterior of young Australians is a deep current of idealism which will rise to the surface if we provide the right occasion. I hope before my term ends to see Toc H firmly established in the great Mother State of the Commonwealth and once here it will spread throughout the continent.'

After this tremendous welcome and publicity, it is encouraging to see the inauguration of two groups in Sydney that same evening - the 'Weeds' who meet on 'Weednesday' and the 'Sautes' who meet on 'Fryday.'

The Forster Lamp was not the only tangible memorial of the Forsters to Toc H. Lord Forster had suggested that someone might like to "give the house which their son would have lived in if things had been different."

'Lord and Lady Forster have now decided that they ought to be the someone,' writes Pat on 7th July, 'and if they can arrange the business of the lease, they mean to make the house in Southend, in which their two boys were brought up, into a Toc H Mark, and to add a Warriors' Chapel to the new church now a-building in the grounds of Admiralty House. In this Chapel will rest the bronze statue of their youngest boy.'

Support for Toc H was growing and Tubby and Pat spoke to meetings and gatherings of all sorts in and around Sydney.

One of the most rewarding was a packed congregation at the Mosman Presbyterian Church at which large numbers of young men were present. It was the first time an Anglican priest had ever been seen in this church and, by special request, Pat Leonard wore his surplice, scarf and hood. It seems that at this stage most of the enthusiasm and support for Toc H came from the Presbyterians. The keen Anglicans were in a minority.

The remaining months in Australia saw the new Lodge of Instruction in Newcastle, the establishment of a Padre in Sydney, the sorting out of Adelaide's Padre problems, the opening of the Hobart branch (on a trip to Tasmania) and, as always, the practical working out of details with Toc H members wherever Pat went.

There was an excursion to Armidale and Jeogla, among the stockmen, rabbiters and station owners.

'Jeogla is 37 miles from the nearest railway - right out in the bush. We went a few miles past in order to have our picnic lunch by the River Styx. Here we boiled our billy and ate our tucker in brilliant sunshine - ideal conditions. Then back to Jeogla for a Service (Sunday, 30th August). This again was in a tin shed - the only building within sight - but again 50-60 people turned up, some in cars, some in sulkies, some on horseback. I got a photo of some of them and of the horses tethered to a railing during the Service. Here at last is the real Australia. I've loved today more than all the rest put together.

There was the simplicity of these services which Pat so much enjoyed in France in the War. Again a similar note to those front line baptisms - 'At Jeogla an illiterate stockman or drover brought his 7 year-old boy to be baptised. The font was a cup and saucer'.

By contrast, the same evening Pat preached to a crowded Cathedral in Armidale.

After a full and worthwhile stay in Australia, Pat sailed for Ceylon and India, to join up with Tubby after two months apart.

There were talks to schools, Scouts and planters in Kandy and Colombo and a group meeting where it was decided that Toc H recognised no colour bar. This was, of course, a matter of great concern in a place like Colombo, with its multiplicity of races and castes.

In India, Calcutta at first depressed Tubby and Pat. A vast city, but apparently without any war tradition, it looked as if it would be a 'tough nut to crack'. What upset Pat was the tremendous power of caste prejudice and the artificial conventions of life. There was the potential - 6,000 young Europeans of the public school type - who could act as leaders and organisers - but the kindling spark was not yet there.

As it happened, the necessary spark was struck in a gathering at an ex-service dinner on Armistice Day. Tubby was in great form (and fitter than he had been for some months), and the response was overwhelming. Afterwards, the 380 present gave a great ovation, and things started looking more encouraging.

It was perhaps in keeping with this happier vein that Pat writes of some of the most memorable parts of the Indian visit. He went up to Darjeeling, and was woken at 5 30 am to see the dawn on Kanchenjunga.

'It is beyond all words beautiful. The range of snow mountains seems to stand detached high up in the sky on a base of clouds. When the sun first lights on the peak and turns it to gold, you catch your breath. It is unbelievable that they are 47 miles away, yet at that distance you can see the snow blowing off the top.

'The next day, an even earlier start (at 3 30 am) to Ghoom and Tiger Hill was rewarded by a sight of Mt. Everest, half-left, 100 miles away, before the journey back to the heat of the plains of Bengal.'

On November 29th Tubby and Pat set sail for home. They broke the journey to make a short visit to Jerusalem, in the course of which they dined at Government House with the Plumers, renewing their acquaintance from France in the War. They attended a great Service of Thanksgiving for the liberation of Jerusalem in 1917 in which five languages were used, and they visited the sights of the city.

They arrived in London on the day of the great Festival in the Albert Hall, where they received a tumultuous welcome (on 19th December 1925).

Pat was to return to Australia at the beginning of 1927, but in the meantime the growing movement there was encouraged by letters from Tubby and Pat.



Tubby Clayton (with lamp) and Pat at Southampton before the World Tour. © Pathe News

PILGRIMAGE TO YPRES

'Nearly 200 members, the majority of whom were making their first trip to Flanders, took part in the Pilgrimage to Ypres. For them it was primarily a gesture of proud thanksgiving to the memory and graves of their ancestors in Toc H. For some of us of the Old Brigade, it was a pilgrimage in truth.

'For the first time since the War, we were allowed to see over our original home in Poperinghe. The owner, who has once more settled there with his family, was perfectly charming and allowed us to wander over the house and to go up the rickety stairs to the "Upper Room" - which has now reverted to its original use as a drying room for clothes, hops and onions.

'It was with a thrill that we saw some of Tubby's original notices preserved in situ on the walls. Still adorning the door of his old room are the words 'All rank abandon ye who enter here.'

'We spent a whole Sunday in the Salient, beginning with a wonderful Celebration in the Ypres War Cemetery. Picture a perfect summer morning with the dew still on the grass, and the sun coming up over the ruins of the old prison forming the east window of our Cathedral.

'The great Stone of Remembrance was our altar, and Tubby was celebrant. In a semi-circle behind him stood the great company of pilgrims. Ringing us round were the graves of our Elder Brethren.

'One knew and saw, save with mortal eyes, that the circle was completed by a far greater company, rank on rank, of the spirits of just men made perfect through suffering. I don't think there were any of us there who will not carry all our days the memory of that Holy Fellowship.

'After breakfast came the visit to Poperinghe and the old Talbot House. For the rest of the day we walked along the one-time battlefield - Kemmel, St. Eloi, The Bluff, Hill 60, and Hoge - ending up in the twilight in Sanctuary Wood where Gilbert Talbot lies buried.

'There we stood for evening prayers, and, in the name of the whole family of Toc H, laid a wreath against the great white cross, around which the smaller crosses of the Elder Brethren cluster.

'Then, forming fours, we marched down the Old Menin Road to Ypres. That, too, was an unforgettable expedience. In the darkness, on that road so rich in memories of other days, the living and the dead were indistinguishable. There were other feet in our company besides the ones whose tramp was heard.

'Ypres itself looks just as it did in 1914. Most of the houses have been rebuilt on the old plan and there is nothing now, save the war cemeteries and the remains of the Cloth Hall, which already looks like a medieval ruin, to remind the casual visitor of the years of havoc.

'Some day I hope that Toc H may make a pilgrimage to Gallipoli. It would be a wonderful meeting ground for east and west, and south and north.'
In fact, there was a pilgrimage of some 300 men and women in September 1926 to Gallipoli, where again so many memories were re-lived.

AUSTRALIA

In January 1927, Pat Leonard was sent off with the usual enthusiastic encouragement of Toc H members in the SS Nestor, destined once more for Australia. The weeks of the voyage were apparently enlivened 'by the good offices of the Rev. Leonard, Secretary of the Sports and Entertainment Committee — being a pineapple in a Headdress Competition, winning the potato race, being reported for noise after 1am, composing limericks and being involved in an incident in a tug-of-war (where 8 blindfold men pulled against 12 girls and somehow the end of the girls' rope became attached to a stanchion and the girls stood back while the men continued to pull..)'.

However, from February for twelve months Leonard was busy with the many tasks of building up Toc H in Australasia. In an article in The Link (2nd May 1927) he speaks of the essence of Toc H:-

'Once upon a time Toc H was the name of a building, and as a building not unlike hundreds of others dotted about the length and breadth of Belgium - a square plain-faced, white plastered house. As a building, except that it was a full storey higher than its neighbours in the narrow street, no one would give it a second glance.

'Yet for four years it was an unfailing magnet, drawing through its iron-wrought doors all sorts and conditions of men - muddled oafs from the East End and tailors dummies from the West End of War.

'Stand for a moment in the hall. Tear your eyes away from Tubby's latest notice, and watch the faces of the incoming stream. You may catch the air of relief with which certain of them park on the doorstep an invisible burden - the burden of rank; but you cannot miss the smile that breaks through their mask of endurance - the smile of happy content of a man coming home. For Talbot House was 'Home' to a far-flung company of men actively on service 'of whom some remain until this day, but others are fallen asleep.' Because they were on active service they were welcomed as sons of the house - but it wasn't the trench maps on the walls nor yet the chance of hearing Battalion Orders, that brought them in their hundreds, but the certainty that inside the old shell-pocked walls they would find the atmosphere, the welcome welcome and the fellowship of 'Home.'

'Talbot House was the home and not the Orderly Room of men on active service; the place to which naturally and gratefully they turned from the monotony and agony of service, to the Love and Joy and Peace that had its origin in the Upper Room. And was carried into every room and cupboard of the House by Tubby – priest, big brother, innkeeper, God's corner-man.

'It was the memory of the fellowship - and not of the service up the line - that impelled the surviving sons of the House to rally round when Toc H got out of its khaki and put on its civvies and moved house from Poperinghe to London. 'In those very early days there was an expression much in vogue to explain the object of Toc H. 'We were trying,' we said, 'to generate the Christmas-spirit-all-the-year-round,' to make operative on 365 days the kindly generous friendly feelings to which men normally give way only once a year - on the Birthday of Our Lord.

'All the emphasis at first was on 'fellowship' - a fellowship which should overleap all barriers of class and wealth, of education, politics and denominational allegiance. To be a good mixer was a more certain passport to Toc H than a diploma in Sociology. Jobmasters were unheard of; jobs of service were done, not as a duty to Toc H, nor yet as a test of membership, but because those who loved Toc H were of the right spirit, which had to find its expression in active goodwill and sympathy.

'Those who were not afraid to think and speak plainly said that Toc H was out to build the Empire of God. Now the first task of those who would be builders of this Kingdom is To Conquer Hate, to overthrow the rule of Greed and Fear and Hate, by establishing the Rule of Love.

'Toc H then is a family of men seeking to create among themselves such love that it may overflow into every nook and cranny of the social world in which they live. Each Group and Branch is an infectious hotbed of radiant joy and fellowship - a generating station to which members come that their batteries may be recharged with the divine electricity which they are pledged to use up in the adventure of loving the world.

Where then does service come in?

'Primarily our jobs of service are the channels through which we give ourselves in love, the hose-pipes wherewith we may fight the flames of hate with the streams of love, which alone can overwhelm them. We are scoutmasters, club managers, prison visitors, in order that we may create between ourselves and our boys a new bond of sympathy and friendship - and our love has a redemptive power in their lives.

'But there is another reason why jobs are so rightly insisted upon: Toc H has discovered a circle which may be called anything but vicious. Jobs are the fruit of fellowship and fellowship is the fruit of jobs. Toc H gives service because love is in its heart, and it also gives service in order that love may be created in its heart.

'When a man is apparently drowned and the spirit gone out of him, there is a method of restoring him to life. The method is to make his lungs go through the action of breathing. He is made to imitate the signs of life in order that life may be re-born in him.

'So in Toc H we set those who do not love their fellow men very widely to do little jobs of service for them - the sort of things they would do naturally if love was the ruling motive of their lives - in order that the spirit of love and the life of love may be born and grow in them.

'Service in Toc H is the method and the means; it is not and never can be the end. The end is the cult of fellowship, of friendship, of Love - the love that conquers self no less than hate.'

Some of the most pressing problems to be solved were those involving clashes of personality in the newly-formed groups. On occasion Leonard had to be forceful in stamping out what he called corner-whispering and mischief-making, and also to be fairly ruthless in removing the odd member whose influence was markedly undesirable. But on the whole, the work involved very positive attempts to consolidate the progress made over the last two years and to encourage members to an ever-deeper commitment. Organisational matters were tackled, and Branch and State Executives were set up. Branches were exhorted to exchange news and views. Worthwhile jobs were sought and the underlying strength of Toc H emphasised - likened to a generating station of fellowship - so that Toc H did not seem merely to be a social service bureau. Money problems were tackled and groups set on a firmer footing.

There was markedly good cooperation between all the branches of the Church, and it is gratifying to see the ease with which Pat Leonard moved from the company of the Bishop to the Congregational Church, from the Methodist Minister to the Roman Catholic Priest. He broadcast, preached and spoke about the aims and origins of Toc H with the result that wherever he went,

from Sydney to Perth, from Tasmania to New Zealand, he was welcomed with great interest - and very often by the Governors of the States and the Bishops of the Church.

Not all the time was work. Leonard found time to bathe (and be 'frightened to death' by standing on a fish which he thought was a shark), and to walk and to climb - always a favourite pastime.

He renewed many friendships all over the country from his previous visit. People came from remote areas to speak to him - like the man who rode on horseback five hours to spend two minutes with Leonard at a railway halt.

In place after place it was rewarding to see how the handfuls of seed sown two years before had grown and matured.

Much of what he had been trying to achieve is summed up in this letter written to him on his departure from Australia:-

LWH Victoria (Melbourne)
15h February 1928

"How can we thank you enough for your beautiful letter to us?

I am deputed to try and do so and feel myself woefully inadequate. It was especially good of you to send it on your last day when you were so thronged with other claims on your time and strength. Believe me, we appreciate your kind sympathy and warm friendliness so much.

"Yesterday too happened to be a very long, tiring day for me, and your words gave me, and all of us I am sure, such a real uplift and inspiration.

"This time we have all learned to know each other better and, I think we out here are learning more what Toc H really means; this seems to knit us closer together. At any rate, this time we do feel that a very dear and understanding and true friend has left us, and we most sincerely hope that time will bring us together again either here or in the homeland. We do hope you will again visit Australia and that Tubby too will do so.

"It is queer but I have a feeling, quite a strange one, that you have never before understood LWH so well as you do now. Your work here has not been easy times in this connection but you have been guided, I am sure, to say and do the right thing, and we thank you sincerely for the help you have given us and for your affectionate guidance and encouragement.

"Take our love with you please, both for yourself and Tubby, and for our LWH sisters 'across the sea,'

"Take care of yourself and do not do too much work etc. on the boat - try loafing a little.

"The German 'Auf Wiedersehen' is nice - till we meet again..."

CEYLON

One of the most exciting events at the close of a memorable tour was the lighting of the first Toc H Lamp in Ceylon in February 1928.

'At a most impressive Service,' The Times of Ceylon records, 'in St. Peter's Church, Fort, Colombo, the large congregation sang the hymn 'Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones', after which H.E. the Governor read the lesson which is always read at Toc H Birthday Festivals and which tells the story of the house which was built upon the rock. This was followed by mutual salutation, prayers of thanksgiving, the Lord's Prayer, and then Bunyan's hymn: 'He Who Would Valiant Be' was sung. During the singing of that hymn, the initiated members of the Branch, including Sir Herbert Stanley, the Governor, formed a semi-circle round the Lamp, and at the end of the hymn, the Archdeacon of Colombo, the Ven. G.Vernon Smith, dedicated the Lamp while the congregation remained standing.

After the words of dedication the youngest member of the Branch lit a taper from one of the candles burning on the altar and came down and lit the Lamp.

The word 'Light,' uttered by Mr. H.L. Dowbiggin, President of the Branch, was the signal for the church to be plunged in darkness, the only light in the whole church being that of the Lamp.

Mr. Dowbiggin, later Sir Herbert Dowbiggin (Inspector General of Police), then uttered the Words of Remembrance and the members of the Branch joined in the last line's "We Will Remember Them." There was then a period of silence, which was broken by the Call to Action:

'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.'

Toc H prayers and the Hymn of Light, 'O Joyful Light,' followed, and then Padre Leonard delivered an address. The Service ended with 'Praise My Soul The King of Heaven' and the Blessing.'

The address perhaps sums up the very growth of Toc H all over the world and is a fitting climax to all that Pat Leonard had tried to do for Toc H. Using as a text, Luke 12, 35: 'loins girded and lamp burning,' he said what a proud moment it was. Two and a half years ago he had had the privilege of going round the world with Tubby Clayton and of being with him at least some of the time when he sowed a few handfuls of seed in Ceylon. Now, the church was filled with 'as fine a mob of men as one could hope to see, assembled to dedicate the Lamp to God's glory and to the shedding of the Light of His Life to the dark corners of the world.'

He spoke of Murray and Helen Matthew in whose memory the Lamp was given. He recalled the Old House in Poperinghe, the Light-house with the Light of brotherly love and goodwill. He reminded the congregation of what the Lamp meant to the members entrusted with it. It was first and foremost a torch, and when that Lamp was lit, the Branch was called upon to remember with thanksgiving all the elder brothers, for:

"If ye break faith with us, we shall not sleep. Though poppies grow in Flanders fields."

'That Lamp was a challenge to their manhood, their sense of justice, their determination. It was the torch that represented the pure flame of a high ideal ...'

'Secondly, the Lamp was the rallying point for the Branch - just as Talbot House was the rallying point for men who, weary, discouraged and disheartened by their service up the line, came back to Talbot House...'

So the Lamp was their rallying point, and week by week they would gather round it, back from the

job which God had given them to do for the setting up of His Kingdom of Love. Whatever that job might be - whether as scoutmasters or prison visitors or reading to blind men or women - they would go back to the Lamp week by week to be re-inspired and re-filled with God's love and grace and courage and gentleness and strength.

So Toc H was a band of men of all sorts and kinds who had come together and formed themselves into a happy family, a light-hearted brotherhood of men, who were trying to manifest that same spirit which Christ came to the world nineteen hundred years ago to manifest - a spirit of love, of love in action which was so gloriously and so amazingly displayed by the most unlikely people during the War, proving that they all had the capacity to forget themselves in love for others - 'Greater love hath no man than this - that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

Then, after telling the story of Francis Matthew (who gave the Lamp), Pat Leonard went on: 'It was just organised goodwill, organised good feeling, organised open-mindedness, organised open-heartedness which was the religion of Jesus Christ. That was Christianity founded by one of whom it was said, "He went about doing good and He was the friend of friendless people." God had truly shot his last bolt; He had no other plan. He was dependent upon them to set up, here and now in the world in which they lived, His Kingdom, the thing which Christ called the Kingdom of God. God was Love, and they might call it the kingdom of love, of friendliness, of kindness and of helpfulness.'

Earlier he had spoken of Ceylon as God's garden, and concluded with the words of Kipling:

"There's not a pair of legs so thin, nor yet a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful thing that is crying to be done,
For the glory of the garden glorifieth everyone.
Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders;
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders.
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the glory of the garden.
Oh, Adam was a gardener and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's job is done upon his knees.
So when your job is finished you may wash your hands and pray
For the glory of the garden, that it may not pass away.
And the glory of the garden, it shall never pass away."

And so in March the SS. Narkunda brought Pat Leonard back to Plymouth. He was not to be in England long, however, and in October he was aboard the SS Tuscania bound for America, on another mission of encouragement and inspiration.

AMERICA

This time he spent seven months in America, building up the movement on the east coast from Boston in the north to Atlanta (Georgia) in the south. His guidance and enthusiasm was much appreciated, as it had been on all his tours. The response was again encouraging. Most of the groups started in 1925 were flourishing and others were begun under Pat Leonard's inspiration. Not all audiences were receptive and something must have touched Dean Ladd on the raw at Berkeley Divinity School for him to state that he 'couldn't understand any self-respecting American joining a society with such a ridiculous name.' However, the tone was more often that of the article in a school magazine which said "We were all very much impressed by Mr. Leonard's talk, and pleased by his delightful English accent."

Certainly part of the appeal was Pat Leonard's fund of stories and illustrations. On occasion he would begin with one of his experiences (which soon had the audience relaxed) and then used stories and incidents from the War in particular - to make his point.

SANDRINGHAM

One of the favourite stories was the saga of his visit to preach before King George V and Queen Mary.

On arrival at Sandringham, Leonard was shown to his luxurious suite by a manservant. He opened the door to find a resplendent figure already there. Leonard backed out hastily, apologising for going into the wrong room. The figure turned out to be the valet, who with great dignity asked Leonard whether he would take a bath. Leonard said he would, and was thereupon asked at what temperature. This was too much for him, and he set about thawing out the valet and breaking down some of the formality. Before long they had discovered a common interest in golf and were in the middle of demonstrating strokes to each other when it became apparent that something had happened in the bathroom. They dashed in to find that the water had overflowed all over the floor and down the corridor. Both set to with towels and tried to mop it up...

On being offered a drink before dinner, Leonard's mind went a complete blank and he stammered the first drink he could think of, which was port. Hearing this, Queen Mary turned to him and said, 'What's the matter, Mr. Leonard, are you anaemic?'

However, after dinner the conversation over port was more relaxed. The King had been speaking somewhat critically of a woman pilot on her way to Australia who had come down off course in a jungle.

'Damn woman,' said the King, 'What's she want to do that for if she can't navigate?...
Hmm, suppose I shouldn't say that in front of you, Leonard!'

Leonard, sensing the mood, thought he dare risk this story: It was in an army concert, and the bugler was getting worse and worse. There came a shout from the back of the packed hall: 'Shut the bugger up!' The indignant officer conducting the band turned red-faced to the audience and demanded, 'Who called the bugler a bugger??' The immediate retort came from the back, 'Who called the bugger a bugger??'

'Here, Ponsonby, ' called out the delighted King, 'come and hear this,' whereupon Leonard had to re-tell his story...

Not long afterwards another visiting cleric returned from Sandringham with greetings for Leonard from King George - who said that the only thing he could remember about Toc H was the story of the bugler.

Also, in the course of conversation over port, the King remarked on the fact that Leonard was not wearing his DSO ribbon, to which Leonard replied that he had not been presented with it yet. Lord Ponsonby was commanded to make a note of it - which he did, on the cuff of his dress shirt. But, as Leonard said later, it must have been clean shirt day the next day because he didn't get it.

On the Sunday when he was due to preach, Leonard was processing up the aisle when he suddenly realised that he was about to step on a gold cross (in memory of Queen Victoria) which he had been warned carefully to avoid. Dexterously side-stepping, he found his surplice sleeve enveloping Queen Alexandra's toque.

When he left on the Monday morning he found a brace of pheasant from His Majesty 'for the young men of Toc H.'

So, having captured the attention of his hearers with colourful experiences, Leonard would lead them to the real message of his address using vivid examples - like these dealing with sacrifice:-

'Seven men were standing around in a trench. As they were talking about their chances of getting leave, a German bomb landed in the trench. The trench was so narrow and small that the men had only a slight chance of escaping destruction from the deadly bomb. One man of the seven turned back and threw himself on it, wrapping his arms around it so that the explosion wouldn't harm his companions.'

And again:

'A young officer had just returned from leave. Soon after he arrived, a gas alarm sounded. He realized he had left his gas mask behind. In a panic he rushed up to a sergeant and asked him if there were any extras. Without a moment's hesitation the man answered yes, and under cover of darkness he handed the officer his own mask. Ignorant of this, the officer put it on. After the gas had passed, the sergeant was found writhing on the bottom of the trench in agony in an attempt to get some air into his lungs. He finally died - sacrificing his life that a brother soldier might live.'

Or perhaps he would speak of how some of the heroes of the early days of Toc H committed themselves to service - William Hurst, Peter Monie, George Coltman, Eric Braby... or again the theme would perhaps be Winning the Peace, or Toc H as reviving men apparently drowned or of Toc H as a corps of spiritual bridge-builders.

Always the message was simple and memorable. The images were very often ones which appealed to 'real men' - the sort Toc H was eager to enlist to serve. There was always with Pat Leonard a down-to-earth quality, an approachability, whether he was a padre or a bishop.



Pat as Bishop of Thetford with the Queen and Prince Philip at the Royal Norfolk Show © Archant

ALL HALLOWS

After the American tour Leonard was Administrative Padre at Toc H Headquarters (1928-1933) and Chief Overseas Commissioner from 1934. He was at the same time a curate at All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower (1931-1936) - 'a glorious era for All Hallows with a wonderful staff, three of whom became bishops: Pat Leonard (Thetford), Cuthbert Bardsley (Coventry) and Tom Savage (Zululand and Swaziland).'

Reminiscences of that fruitful period speak of his being a tower of strength at Mark II. His appointment as Resident Padre there was to give a new lease of spiritual life to the Mark, which was then filling up with non-Toc H men. His appeal sprang at least in part from his combination of humour and wisdom.

He had proved himself in many fields - not least in the battlefield and on the sports field - and was well able to hold his own with the young men with whom he came in contact.

One of the most powerful impressions which he created was that here was a complete person. By any token he was a remarkable man: his strong Christian faith enhanced his qualities. Not infrequently the young men of his early Toc H days associated the Christian ministry with sanctimoniousness and lack of contact with real life. It was therefore refreshing and stimulating to encounter Leonard, with his distinguished record 'in the world' coupled with a deep and inspiring personal faith. He had much to offer.

An evangelical layman on Tower Hill who was prevailed upon to become a Server at All Hallows put it in these words:-

'It was one of my joys to serve to Pat at the Sung Eucharist on Sundays - a really uplifting experience, for he celebrated with such love and care and sincerity.'

SCOUTING

It was during this time at Tower Hill that Leonard wrote a small book which became a standby for Scouts throughout the world. It was "Scouts' Owns", published in January 1933.

Leonard had been occupied with the Scout movement ever since his first curacy in Newton Heath and, in the words of the Chief Scout's Commissioner, "his interest continued up to the date of his death, and his influence was widespread. The Scout Movement in this country and in many parts of the Commonwealth has good reason to be grateful to Pat for the enduring work he did for Scouting, but those who had the privilege of knowing him personally keep his memory in our hearts with deep affection." He was also the holder of the Silver Wolf.

The talents which Leonard used to such effect in Tower Hill stood him in equally good stead in work with boys. Experience of life in the first World War was useful in the practical matters of running Scouters' training courses - camp sites, living rough, fieldcraft, map reading and recreation, for example. These were based on a firm Christian foundation, and the aims and ideals of Scouting which he taught had a profound effect on these who were later themselves to become Scoutmasters.

In 1927 a small team compiled "Prayers for Use in the Brotherhood of Scouts" which ran into numerous editions and was long in general use in this country and overseas.

Two of the prayers of which Pat Leonard was particularly fond for their refreshing directness are :-

Give me a good digestion, Lord.
And also something to digest
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
And sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the pure and good in sight.
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds the way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch
About that fussy thing called 'I'
Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke.
To get some happiness in life,
And pass it on to other folk.

O Jesus Christ, the Master Carpenter Who at the last through wood and nails
purchased man's whole Salvation, wield well Thy tools in this Thy workshop, that we
who come rough-hewn may here be fashioned to a truer beauty by Thy Hand, Who
with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest One God, world without end. .

With "Scouts' Owns" there came a fuller set of suggestions for the conduct of the informal Scout Services which are known as 'Scouts' Owns.' As Leonard wrote, the book is an attempt to supply in a handy form the practical information which a Scouter is likely to need in arranging a Service for his Scouts.

There is a wealth of useful advice about the nature, purpose and atmosphere of these informal services.

Much of this has a far wider relevance than just to Scouts' gatherings for worship. It does in fact express in a nutshell many of the convictions on which Leonard based his whole ministry. The first need of these services is reality - the sense of God's presence and the answering effort of concentration on Him and on His worship.

'Boys at heart', he writes, 'are incurably religious and can enter more easily than most grown-ups into the Spirit realms.'

At the same time they are more sensitive and more critical, and feel instinctively the difference between what is sincere and real and what is formal and perfunctory. The Scouter who is himself conscious of God's presence, and is humbly trying to worship Him, may take courage from the certainty that where he leads, his boys will follow wholeheartedly.'

A cardinal rule is to be natural in leading services, 'You are in your Father's presence, not on the stage,' There should be variety, continuity of theme, lively hymns, short prayers on real blessings and real needs, and suitable addresses.

On addresses, Leonard writes,

'Remember and profit by a boy's love of a good yarn. Most of our Lord's sermons were in the form of stories. And don't over-press the moral. Boys see the point readily enough if there is one.'

Let your yarn teach its own moral. A little exhortation goes a very long way.

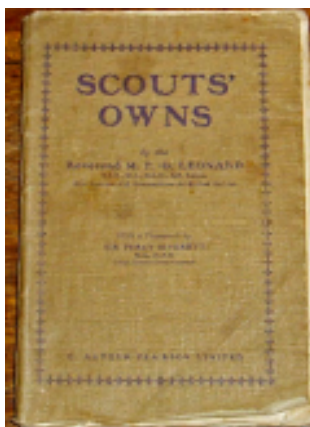
Boys are invariably keen to know about our Lord.

Re-tell the well known facts of His life and His teaching in your own words. Where possible illustrate with personal experience, for personal experience hits the mark where theory misses. Let the address be suitable to the occasion... let the address also be short. This means more care taken over its preparation, but if you have anything to say, ten minutes ought to be enough in which to say it.

As a general rule, every minute over ten that the address lasts undoes at least two minutes' worth of good that it may have already done.'

it was because he applied many of these principles to sermons and talks to schools, to Toc H gatherings and to congregations, that his message has so often been remembered as simple, vivid and enduring.

Be that as it may, he was in great demand not only to address Scout training camps and courses, but schools and congregations all over the country, during his work at All Hallows.



A sermon, to single out one of so many, in February 1932 in Worcester Cathedral, brought the following two letters -

"Dear Mr. Leonard,

I have been wanting to write to you all the week but we have been on move and this is my first available moment. I cannot tell you touched I was by all that you said last Sunday about us, and I thank you enough for being so extremely kind and generous-minded about us both.

Your sermon on Sunday made me feel very "lumpy" and I have thought a about it since.

I told the Chief about it too, and he feels so grateful too for your of affectionate loyalty.

It has been a 'super' birthday this year in the messages we have had from far and near and it really makes us feel rather overwhelmed - it is you, and those hundreds of men and women who are doing the work, who should have all this great gratitude and encouragement poured out upon you!

We don't feel we are doing half enough to deserve it, but anyhow we but just go on doing our best! I really meant it when I asked if you would not come down to see us at Pax some time. We both would be so glad if you could spare the time and personally I would love you to see the Chief in his own home and get to know him more personally ...

sincerely,
Olave Baden-Powell"

"My dear Pat Leonard,

I have been meaning to write to you ever since my birthday, but have not had the chance till now, to say how deeply grateful both my wife I are for the truly impressive address you gave to the young in Worcester Cathedral anent the Anniversary. My wife told of it and I have since read the summary in the press and I would - from my heart - like to thank you for it. I am only so sorry that could not get to Worcester, having to lie up en route thither I got to Cheltenham. Happily I am quite fit again now,

With best of good wishes,

sincerely, B.P."

Between 1928 and 1933, for instance, the list of preaching engagements is remarkable. Leonard spoke at schools from Eton to Glenalmond, at Theological Colleges from Wells to Birkenhead. He preached at Cathedrals and Parish Churches from Bury St. Edmund's to Liverpool, and from Barnstaple to Glasgow.

There were also less serious occasions like the trip to Switzerland, recalled in these words, 'a tall, jolly parson smoking a pipe and getting everybody organised at Victoria for the train journey to Kandersteg, welding the party over the fortnight into one large family - it was a wonderful holiday.' Then, at the very end of the holiday Leonard appeared, looking extra pleased with himself and told them that he had had a letter appointing him to be Rector of Hatfield - which he jocularly remarked was 'one of the stepping-stones to the Gaiters!' (then often worn by bishops)

Marriage

In 1931 Leonard met Kathleen Knights-Smith when he was officiating on behalf of another clergyman at St. Cuthbert's, Isle of Dogs. Miss Knights-Smith was the head of St. Mildred's Settlement on the Isle of Dogs, where she worked for six years. She lived, with her eleven volunteer helpers, in what had been a men's club building in the middle of the slums. She acted as a social worker and very soon established a rapport with the people living there, who brought her every conceivable kind of problem.

Two years later, on 16th September 1933, they were married in All Hallows', Barking-by-the-Tower. It was a memorable wedding. There were 300-350 guests - many from the Isle of Dogs, sad to lose their 'Virgin Mary' as they called her, but bent on making the festivities as wildly enjoyable as possible. Leonard had only just returned from Switzerland and was so sunburnt that he was at first taken by some to be 'coloured.' He had brought with him some edelweiss for his bride's bouquet - gathered by an Alpine guide upon hearing of Leonard's impending wedding.

Miss Knights-Smith arrived at the Church with her father, the gentle Rev. Leslie Knights-Smith, who was still in a state of shock after seeing for the first time the sort of place in which his daughter had been working, and after experiencing the tumultuous send-off which the people had given her.

They arrived at the west end of the church to find no sign of the Bridegroom or Best Man. A quick search revealed the Bridegroom greeting his old pals from all over the country and helping to get them settled. The Best Man, Monty Calliss, had completely lost control of the situation. However, they saw what had happened and made for their pew just in time to be joined by the Bride and her father.

The Service was conducted by the Bishop of Stepney and the Rev. John Grainge Leonard, the father of the Bridegroom.

However, the reception was as lively as might be expected and was held in a gaily festooned 42, Trinity Square. After this the couple spent their honeymoon in the Lake District, climbing and walking in the Langdales.

A year later, to the minute, on the anniversary of their wedding, they were climbing on Great Gable and the marriage very nearly came to a tragic end. On the Arrowhead Arrete, a large piece of rock - a belay from time immemorial - came away, Leonard disappeared over the edge, down a sheer drop, with the great boulder crashing and thundering after him. The guide looked over the edge and saw him dangling twenty feet down on the one remaining strand of his rope - the rest had been cut by the falling rock. Leonard managed to reach a foothold. The guide lowered Mrs. Leonard to him, whereupon she was violently sick.

Having seen her husband apparently fall to his death, to the rumbling, crashing echo of the vast boulder being shattered into fragments on its fall to the rocks below, it was two years before she fully regained her nerve for climbing.

Hatfield

The overriding problem in Hatfield was to attempt to bring together the old village community and the great new estates springing up around de Havilland's. To these estates came people from Wales, from Tyneside and from many other depressed areas, in pursuit of employment.

With much valuable backing from Lord Salisbury, Leonard started all manner of organisations - including neighbours' clubs, to try to draw the two communities closer together. A mission hut, St. Michael's, was set up near the aerodrome and much was achieved in what was one of the first attempts to deal with this new problem - though it is one which is very common today.

Leonard was keen to build up the staff of St. Etheldreda's and had, for much of his term in Hatfield, two priests and one deacon. He set up a Clergy House and was anxious to foster a living sense of fellowship between the clergy. As many have had occasion to remember, it was an excellent training parish for curates, and not a few kept in touch with Leonard throughout his subsequent ministry.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Leonard was keen to do what he could - particularly through his Toc H links, and he approached the Bishop of St. Albans.

The Bishop gave him three months' leave of absence, with strict orders to be back by Whitsunday 1940. Leonard, with a small group of others, headed for Mark I B.E.F, the Toc H house in Lille, from which he travelled to Toc H Service Clubs.

Leonard wrote this letter to an old friend who had contributed towards financing the new Mark -

M.P.G. Leonard, Toc H
c/o Town Major, Lille B.E.F.

April 1940.

'My dear Leigh,

'I am sure that you will be interested to have news of the House your generosity has made possible in France. In many ways it is reminiscent of Mark XIV - it has the same feeling of stability, of honest workmanship and homeliness. It belonged - as Mark XIV had - originally to a doctor. It's a town house, opening on one of the principal streets of this large city. On the ground floor are three large reception rooms where we serve tea and have noise and games and the radio. Up a broad oak staircase to the first floor where we have a large lounge furnished with arm chairs - an almost unknown luxury to 99% of our visitors - a quiet room, a writing room, a bathroom and a Chapel. Above are bedrooms where we can put up about a dozen casual visitors in addition to "the staff"; i.e. Reg Staton, Hugh Pilcher and myself.

'By general consent Mark I, B.E.F., is the best show in the Forward Areas and it is the envy of all the other 'philanthropic bodies' - Church Army, Y.M.C.A., Church of Scotland Huts and Salvation Army.

'The House is generally pretty full but at weekends it's packed out, and we are

hard put to it to make tea quick enough and to cut sandwiches for our hungry visitors. The proof of the pudding is the fact that every one that comes once comes again, bringing his pals with him., I wish you could see your House - I think you would be proud of it and feel that your cheque was instrumental in bringing a little brightness, a little comfort, and a touch of of home into the rather drab, monotonous lives of the lads who are serving our country out here.

'It's a long time since I saw you but I'm proud to have had a part in bringing Mark I B.E.F. into being,

'My kindest regards to Mrs. Leigh and with a heart full of gratitude for what you have done.

Ever yours.
Pat Leonard'
H. Leigh Groves,
Boot Gate,
Windermere

There were many occasions of excitement in those months of the "phoney war." A good deal of time was spent with a delivery van stocking up the clubs and houses for the soldiers. On one occasion he was hotly pursued by the local gendarmerie, who suspected him of being a spy.

When the Germans overran Lille he was extremely lucky to get away - other members of the team were taken prisoner. However, he made his way to the nearest port, only to find the quay strewn with dead bodies. The Germans had got there first. By immense good fortune he obtained a taxi to the next port, where the very last ship to leave France was about to sail. He was in uniform but had no papers, and as soon as he tried to board the ship he was arrested as a suspected deserter. A frantic search followed for a staff officer who could identify Leonard. This was virtually impossible as the German onslaught had begun and communications were almost all cut. However, someone was at last found and papers were given. Leonard sailed home in the company of a King's Messenger and the artist who had up to the last minute been painting a portrait of the General - so 'phoney' was the War at that stage,

Leonard arrived in Hatfield on the Saturday evening, to take the Whitsunday Services the next day - to the considerable relief of those responsible, he having (albeit reluctantly) obeyed the Bishop's order to the letter.

The pressure of work mounted in the war years. Because of Hatfield's association with flying, many young men from the parish joined the RAF. Of these, a considerable proportion lost their lives in the Battle of Britain - sometimes in the dogfights which took place over Hatfield itself. It was at these times that Leonard's experience in the First World War counted for so much. He knew what it was like to fly in a vulnerable aircraft. He knew what it was like to crash and be lucky to escape with one's life. He knew only too well the strain of a pilot's life. And he had had more than enough experience of writing letters to the bereaved families, giving what comfort he could.

Previously, the early days of flying with the RFC and their primitive aircraft had been something of a joke to the apprentices and technicians of Hatfield in the thirties, but now, the sheer courage of those days was fully appreciated. And there was, in a sense, a bond between Leonard and his Air Force parishioners because of this.

One function which deserves mention during these years is the Thursday dance which took place

week by week despite all obstacles. It was for the local Forces personnel - British and American - and well supported by the girls of the area. The mothers of Hatfield, led by Mrs. Leonard, provided refreshments - oblivious of shrapnel and air raids. This served to create very strong bonds of friendship in the village community and, apart from this, provided the funds for a new Parish Hall.

Recollections of Leonard's years in Hatfield also speak of the Study Group, composed of remarkably varying types of people, which met each winter for four years. This group went deep into all aspects of Christianity and was of immense value to all those who took part. Some members of this group were later ordained - a direct tribute to the teaching given there.

An incident which stands out in the memory of one family is the time when Leonard was asked to take a Service for a Jewish hairdresser who had died - there being no Rabbi. The care with which he did this and the strength which he gave to the bereaved family impressed them profoundly.

Lord Salisbury was a great influence for good in the parish, and it is of interest to note that when the family was in residence at Hatfield House there was a daily celebration of the Holy Communion, for which Leonard used to go to the private Chapel in the House. Relations were extremely good, and the Leonard children were free to play in the gardens of the House when they liked.

Leonard had been offered two archdeaconries, one overseas and an important one in England, a year and a half after moving to Hatfield. He felt it was not right to move so soon and refused them. He was also on a short list for more than one Scottish bishopric. In fact, so many approaches were made from Scotland that when the time came to think of moving and the offer was made to appoint him Provost of St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, it seemed almost natural that he should accept.

Glasgow

St. Mary's Cathedral is in many ways a vast parish church, drawing its congregation from as far away as 20 miles. It was a task of some magnitude to bind this large and mobile group into a worshipping fellowship.

One of the ways which Leonard chose to deal with this was by beginning a Parish Breakfast. After the Family Communion Service at 9 am, the congregation retired to the Synod Hall, unpacked the food which they themselves brought, and drank the tea or coffee made by the ladies of the parish. This proved to be an invaluable means of getting to know each other - in fact with such an eclectic congregation it was the main form of fellowship apart from the Services themselves.

Similarly, the social gathering over coffee after Evensong was an excellent meeting place, particularly for students from the University to get to know members of the Church. This had been started before Leonard's appointment and was continued throughout his term in Glasgow.

Many of the worshippers - but by no means all - were English. Never though was the Cathedral referred to as Church of England. It is part of the ancient Episcopal Church with a wonderfully rich heritage. It caused some amusement when Provost Leonard referred to himself as a Nonconformist, which he did more than once. While he regretted the fact that it was impossible to exchange pulpits with Presbyterian ministers on special occasions, he maintained extremely friendly relations on personal, social and welfare levels. This was obviously easier for Leonard because of his work with Presbyterians (especially in Australia) in Toc H and his contacts with the University.

Leonard's feelings about intercommunion were that the Holy Communion is the final triumph of union - the climax of so much groundwork to be covered first. In fact he was firm in his convictions but never rigorist, never rigid or intolerant. It was this quality, with his personal friendliness and approachability, which made him so popular in ecumenical gatherings.

His own faith seems never to have been shaken seriously by doubt. He had doubts about ordination, and had desperately wanted to join the Navy in his younger days but, as he used to put it, doors closed, and the only one which kept opening was to ordination. His personal faith was simple and very real. He once told a friend that he had never been assailed by profound doubt and so did not ever feel really competent to help one who was. But, as that friend was quick to say, his instinctive sympathy and willingness to listen were far more encouraging than he would ever give himself credit for. He never pretended and tried never to put on an act. One of his cardinal rules was to be natural - whether in the company of his ordinary parishioners or in celebrating the Holy Communion. He had strong feelings about parsonical voices, about humbug, sanctimoniousness and hypocrisy.

His impact on Glasgow was lasting and his memory was long held dear in the affections of many who knew him then.

Norfolk

'When Pat Leonard came to the Diocese of Norwich,' writes the Editor of the Norwich Churchman, 'he brought with him a great reputation as a Chaplain in the First War and for his work in Toc H. Within a matter of months he had become one of the best-loved figures in the Diocese...'

'I think the crown of his life came in his last ten years,' writes Bishop Herbert, Leonard's former Diocesan Bishop. 'He was almost the ideal Suffragan Bishop, loving the wide opportunities of service and influence without the ultimate responsibility for decisions...'

Leonard was consecrated in Southwark Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, at Michaelmas 1953, to become Bishop of Thetford.

The See of Thetford dates back to the Eleventh Century. In 673 Felix landed at Dunwich in Suffolk. This became the seat of the Bishopric. Later the Diocese was divided, and a Cathedral also built at Elmham. In 1012 the centre of the Diocese was moved to Thetford in accordance with an edict stating that such centres were no longer to be in villages but in cities. In the Eleventh Century Thetford was a city of considerable importance, but in about 1094 there was another transfer, and Bishop Herbert de Losinga, consecrated Bishop of Thetford in 1091, moved to Norwich and began the building of the present Norwich Cathedral.

'Bishop Leonard's character as a suffragan had three outstanding virtues - friendliness, humility and spirituality. One was always at ease with him,' writes a correspondent in the Church Times, 'for there was nothing of the proud prelate about him. It was not long before everyone was speaking about him as 'Pat' Leonard, There was always a welcome in his hand and a twinkle in his eye.'

A story he was fond of telling, with his tongue in his cheek, was this:

A small girl was making mud pies near the churchyard. She had made a line of small mud pies and, on one side, there was one much larger than the rest.

'What are you doing?' asked an elderly cleric (in fact, an earlier Bishop of Thetford) who came upon her.

'Making a Confirmation,' replied the child.

'What is that big one there?' he asked.

'That's the Bishop,' said the girl.

'But why is it so much bigger than all the others?'

'Well,' said the child solemnly, 'it takes an awful lot of muck to make a Bishop.'

Again it was this approachability, despite the pomp of his office, which endeared him to so many. His personal interest in people and his simple but powerful preaching inspired innumerable people to write him letters of this sort:

'My dear Bishop,
I express my deep and most sincere gratitude for the wonderful Confirmation addresses on Monday evening, and even more so for your deep interest in

everybody and everything. It has made such a deep impression that those who were not there are 'tearing their hair.' The workers are so charmed that one said to me today, 'Oh, Rector, it just made you feel good deep down inside even to see him, and he spoke to me - and shook hands as well.'

'I feel that two items will rejoice your heart: 1 The parents of one candidate came to me soon after you had left to say that they want to be prepared for Confirmation. "We just felt we must say it before we went home to bed, for means so much to the children that we want to share it with them." 2 Our Bible Reading Fellowship branch has received new life, and tonight three more people want to join. Added to this I can start at once with a class of seven or eight adults for next Confirmation..."

"One was intuitively aware," writes the Church Times, "that here was a real man of God, and consequently he was much in demand for retreats and quiet days, for conducting which he had a singular gift."

He had a wide grasp of the Christian faith and was able on the one hand to enjoy representing his Diocesan Bishop on various occasions at the Walsingham Shrine and, on the other, to enjoy ecumenical activities. The Chairman of the East Anglia District of the Methodist Church was later to say "... we met him frequently in the Council of Christian Congregations, where his strong convictions, warm sympathy and natural courtesy helped to foster true fellowship between the churches..."

As a Governor of Keswick Hall, then Norwich Training College, he was most encouraging and helpful. After his first College Commemoration he wrote in a letter of appreciation '...the grand day last Saturday... It couldn't have been bettered in any single respect, and I'm prouder than ever to belong to a Diocese that contains such a model of what a Church Training College should be. It (almost) made me wish that I were a girl!'

Throughout his ministry he had this knack - the gift of communication. So often he was able in conversation and in writing to get to the heart of the matter and to be of real help to those with whom he came in contact. This became increasingly true over the years, but was observed by many even in the early days of Toc H. Much of his realism and rapport stems from his experience in the First World War.

'It was not so much what he did that mattered as what he was,' wrote Bishop Herbert, 'of course the one sprang out of the other. He was one of the band of young men - others were Tubby Clayton, Neville Talbot, Tom Pym and Studdert-Kennedy, who, as chaplains in the awful testing of the Western Front, came to see the weaknesses and shortcomings, even blindness, of the Church at home, and came back determined to give their lives, in no spirit of censoriousness, but in humble devotion, to apply the lessons they had learnt.

'Largely this is now forgotten - after all it is 45 years ago - but in fact a very great deal of what is best in the organisation and active work of the Church today is due to the lead and influence of those young men. Pat Leonard was an outstanding example, with his many years of work for Toc H in all parts of the world ...'

He had a genius for making friends of every age and class, as his circle of friends reveals. This was very much helped by his sense of humour.

At one of the Cathedral Services for school leavers, Bishop Leonard was to preach. One who was

involved writes,

'I received the Lord Mayor at the west door, and his officer was asking what time his car should collect him. I was just saying that it depended a bit on the length of the sermon, when I saw the Bishop's car drive up. Although I hadn't then seen much of him, I knew he wouldn't mind, so I went over and asked him about how long he expected to preach. His instant reply was, 'About forty minutes. That shook you!'

'I was able honestly to say that I hadn't believed him for a moment. He said he would suit his time to us, but I think he suggested ten to fifteen minutes. Incidentally, although I fear that I forget most sermons almost at once, I can still remember the gist of that one . . . '

On another occasion a Norwegian acquaintance had called at the Bishop's home and was slightly overawed by the episcopal finery and dignity on first seeing him in the sitting room. "Suddenly," he recalls, "in came Chippy the dachshund with a cornflakes packet. It was not the empty one which she used to play with, but a fairly full one with an opening conveniently placed at the opposite end to the one she had got hold of, thus making possible a rapid and effective spreading of the contents over the premises. Pursuit was in vain and had to cease in order to restore the dignity, not of himself, but of the home. So Pat seized a vacuum cleaner and with this in one hand cheerfully waved the other in a welcoming gesture, grinning broadly over the debacle.." Pat, the perpetual Boy Scout.

Pat Leonard was always good with students and, throughout his ministry, had many dealings with them. One occasion that lingers in the memory of a participant was the series of Lent addresses given informally in the Common Room at Keswick Hall, with students all over the floor as well as filling up the chairs, and a really good, live, vigorous discussion going on.

"His addresses ... simple but penetrating in their sincerity, touched all that was best in others. The fire of his faith kindled faith in them," writes Bishop Herbert.

As a Suffragan Bishop - which he on occasion referred to as a suffering Bishop - he spent much time on pastoral matters. As the writer of Cameo. No. 1, in the Norwich Churchman for April 1960 expressed it,

"It took little time for the word to get around that 'Pat' Leonard was a man to whom any and every man in the Diocese could go for guidance, friendship and wisdom. Nine years have done much to cement the Bishop of Thetford in the affections of all who have had anything to do with him . . . "

This particularly true of the many clergy or clergy families whom Bishop Leonard helped whilst he was in office. He was always very conscious of his responsibilities towards the clergy of the Diocese and the difficulties under which so many of them labour.

PREACHING

A quality of his preaching which many noted was its constructiveness. It is easy to gain a hearing by being critical and negative, by denying what one might be expected to believe. But that was not a pitfall for Pat Leonard, as padre or as bishop. He had intense dislike of the behaviour of those who seemed to be putting on an act - such as the chaplains in France who appeared in steel helmets and battle equipment although they had never been within miles of the Front. He had something of Studdert-Kennedy's revulsion for humbug. But his sermons and addresses were not fired by a critical or aggressive zeal. They were fired by the conviction that here in Christianity was great richness, a transforming power, and his task was to lead people to share in it.

Perhaps it was in this spirit that he seldom asked penetrating and analytical questions in the field of Biblical criticism. His real concern was not the historicity or the authenticity of the Gospel narrative so much as the practical lessons which one could learn from it

'But are the Gospel records trustworthy?' he asked once.

'Some years ago a student of physical science proposed to write a book to prove that the evidence of the Gospel records would be regarded, in any court of law, as most unreliable - and that the fact of the Resurrection rested upon very insecure foundations. In point of fact, the book was never written, for the more he studied the evidence, the more convinced he became of its historical value and he found himself compelled 'by the sheer force of circumstance to write not a critical repudiation of the Resurrection story, but a "brilliant defence of it.' (Who Moved the Stone? by Frank Morison.)

Of the Resurrection, he continues in these words:

'The most convincing evidence of the Resurrection as an incontestable fact of history is not so much the Christian documents that describe it, as the existence of the Church that produced the documents. The real evidence for the Resurrection is the fact that within a few weeks of the Crucifixion, the Apostles were boldly and fearlessly proclaiming both the Lordship and Resurrection of our Lord.

...'Granted then that we are justified in accepting the Resurrection of our Lord as a historic fact, what relevance has it to modern life?

In the first place, as a glorious vindication of our Lord's claims, turning apparent defeat and failure into victory and triumph and, in this sense, as a sign vouchsafed by God - of the ultimate consummation of His divine plan and purpose, resulting in the final victory over sin and death and all the powers of evil.

'In the second place, St. Luke's account of the experience that befell Cleopas and his companion on their way to Emmaus, makes it clear that the risen Christ was made known to them in two ways - in explaining the Scriptures, and in Breaking of Bread...

'But there is more in it than that. For Christ is Himself the Resurrection, "I am the resurrection and the life," he said, not talking about the future but about the present, not the doorway by which in due course we shall enter into everlasting life, but the means by which we begin now to live everlasting life.

"...and we share that life by being admitted into a real and living relationship with him through the sacrament of Holy Baptism."

'But as Christ Jesus was raised from the dead, so we share in that raising.

It is in very truth a new birth, out of earthly life, which ends at the grave, into a new quality of life - which we call eternal life, indestructible life, because it is the divine life...

BROADCASTING

Leonard was involved in a number of broadcast talks and services throughout his ministry. Amongst the earliest were those talks which he gave all over the world on little broadcasting stations in 1925-28, while he was in the service of Toc H.

Later, in Glasgow for instance, he took part in two services with the Church of Scotland Minister of Lansdowne Church, Glasgow. In the first, the Minister conducted the service and Provost Leonard preached. In the second, the roles were reversed.

Leonard also gave six talks in the "Lift Up Your Hearts" series in November 1944. A few years later he gave the following address:

Christmas Message

'Some years ago I was privileged to broadcast the Empire Christmas Service from the studio in London. Outside was the roar of traffic and the noisy bustle of the Christmas crowds - but inside, silence reigned, like the deep serenity of a Trappist monastery.

'The object of this silent awe was a tiny insignificant object whose appearance greatly belied its vast importance. No one looking at the microphone could guess the power with which it was charged - a power that was to carry my voice round the circuit of the world.

'The only clue was a small red light high up on the wall - like a Sanctuary lamp, demanding reverence and attention, so it was in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day. The streets were full of jostling crowds and of all the fuss and excitement of the Enrolment and, at the heart of it, the quiet stable where the Son of God had just been born.



(56) Lord Mackintosh (left) opening the New Wing in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Mr T. C. Eaton and the Bishop of Thetford, the Rt Rev. M. P. G. Leonard. Mr. R. Q. Gurney (Norwich YMCA Chairman) is descending the steps.

Photograph by Archant Regional Ltd

No one could have guessed that that tiny Babe in the manger cradle was the most stupendous fact of history. Yet, the warning light was there - the new star above the stable, warning the heedless world to hold its breath in awe and adoration. As you think of that tiny Babe utterly dependent upon His mother's ceaseless care, you may well marvel at the dynamic power with which He was endowed.

Whatever men may think of Christ, none can gainsay the fact that no other babe has ever exerted a greater influence upon the human race. For 1900 years that Babe has altered lives and shaped the destiny of Emperors and Kings. For 1900 years God has spoken through that Babe with such penetrating power that men of every age and every class in every clime have heard it.

'No atmospherics can drown it, for down the centuries, above the discordant noises of the world's alarms, faithful hearts have heard the Word of God speaking through that Babe as through a microphone.

'And because God's message is for all men, He chose as His microphone the one great universal fact of human experience - a Mother and her Babe. And thereby he has said all that can be said about the big and blessed things of life - love and joy and peace and the glory of the Home.

'Bethlehem sets His seal upon the Home as the chosen cradle of His love and power, for though many things are home-made, it is of men and women that the phrase is most true. We are all Home-made or Home-marred.

'Soon now we shall be wishing each other a happy Christmas - but happiness can't be had for the asking, nor can it belong to those who are determined to seek gloom and ensue it, who refuse to follow the star and lay their hearts and wills at the feet of the Babe in his humble manger throne.

Christ bade us become as children, for we are too sophisticated, worshipping the false gods of size and numbers - whereas the message of Christmas is the transforming power of a Babe, and his manger is the cradle of imperishable hope...'

A little later he appeared on Anglia Television in connection with the tapestry work he was doing for a kneeler for Norwich Cathedral, and for an interview about his retirement. Tapestry work was one of his relaxations in his later years, but taking pride of place amongst his leisure pursuits was stamp collecting.

He built up a very fine collection and in 1957 was the President of the Norfolk and Norwich Philatelic Society. Through stamps he had a very wide circle of acquaintances, many of whom became personal friends.

A friendship which gave untold joy was that with a small crippled Australian girl called Ruth. In one of his visits to Australia he met a keen member of the League of Women Helpers who, in the course of conversation, asked him if he could possibly send some stamps from time to time to her paralysed niece. From this there developed a really wonderful correspondence, which apparently made a great difference to the way Ruth bore her disability. When Bishop Leonard was obliged to slow up, he gave a Canadian archdeacon-friend the background to this correspondence and the latter maintained the relationship until Ruth's death.

THE FAMILY

No recollections of Pat Leonard, though, can be complete without mention of the quite remarkably happy family circle around him.

The Vicar of Eaton, Norwich, wrote in the Parish Magazine:

'To us, he and his family living among us were dearly loved parishioners. Amid all the calls of the Diocese, the Bishop always kept our parish very near to his heart in prayer and service. There was never a week but that he took at least one Celebration at Christ Church. His daughter, Mary, was married by him at the Parish Church, Eaton. And his wife and family were closely associated with us in our worship

'To the lasting good fortune of our Diocese he was appointed Bishop of Thetford in 1953 and there is not a parson or parish in the Diocese that had not felt his influence, charm and encouragement. As someone said to me, "I never knew a man who lived so close to God."

'That was the secret of his outstanding ministry, the secret of his well-nigh superhuman courage in his sickness. For all his high estate in the Church, he was above all "a holy and humble man of heart"; he adorned his office and adorned all life by the love which he shed abroad in our hearts and by his whole manner of life. His dear wife, who supported him in all his great works and watched him with such tender care in his sickness, is surrounded and supported now by the love and prayers and sympathy of the thousands whose hearts have been touched by the influence of this happy family living among us, and with whom we have "walked in the House of God as friends."

Many would echo these sentiments. Certainly the "influence of this happy family" has reached far and wide through the four children, Mary, John, Elizabeth and Andrew.



Pat with the twins, John and Mary

THE NORFOLK SHOW

As Chairman of the Church Stand Committee, Bishop Leonard was prominent in arranging details of the stands which the Church ran at the Norfolk Show. Following a County Harvest Festival in Norwich Cathedral in 1949, it was suggested that the Church should continue to identify itself with the major industry of the County by being at the County Show. The Bishop of Norwich sanctioned the project and from 1950 there has regularly been a Church Stand at the Norfolk Show.

In 1954 the first properly designed stand was built at the permanent Show Ground at Costessey. This was the first effort of the Committee with Bishop Leonard in the chair. A 28-foot-high cross was instituted as the Church Stand symbol. It was raised some 10 feet at its foot, making a most prominent landmark. The theme of the Stand was "Seedtime and Harvest." The Queen Mother visited the Show as President and pronounced the Church Stand as "the most arresting Stand in the Show - a work of art." There was a large painted backcloth of Norwich Cathedral - with the material of the theme under cover, but easily visible in the open-fronted Stand.

An outstanding venture was that for the 1957 Royal Show. The theme of this open Stand was the Parable of the Sower, next to the Grand Ring and opposite the Royal Pavilion. Some 50,000 visitors came to see it over the four days. Before the Show began there was a Service on Sunday evening in the Grand Ring, conducted by Bishop Leonard, as Chaplain to the Royal Show. The highly successful display in the Stand showed the seed in three dimensional form - from that "by the wayside" to that "hundredfold ripe" with cartoon drawings of types of people corresponding to the different ways the seed was received. The back cloth was of the Cathedral, and in the roof of the Stand were flying doves. There were coloured murals and an altar. In the centre of the forecourt was a playing fountain. The Stand was a landmark for the whole Show Ground with its cross and base rising 50 feet above.

A period which called forth all the abilities of Bishop Leonard was the interregnum between the departure of Bishop Herbert and the arrival of Bishop Fleming. It was a testing time because of the sheer volume of extra work and all the responsibility, which normally only falls on the shoulders of a Diocesan Bishop. To those who worked with him in this long vacancy he displayed a remarkable ability for administration and decisiveness of judgement.

He later spoke of the tremendous privilege which he felt it was - to be able to ordain priests and, also, to profess Sisters at Ditchingham Convent.

In July 1961, Bishop and Mrs. Leonard went out to Kenya to spend four weeks with their daughter and son-in-law, then living in the Elgeyo-Marakwet District of the Rift Valley Province. The house was at over 8,600 feet and three miles from the massive Elgeyo Escarpment. The climate and the setting were delightful, but the altitude proved too much for the Bishop - much to his annoyance as a seasoned mountaineer. However, the part of the visit spent at Diani Beach, to the south of Mombasa, seemed to suit the Bishop far better, and the holiday ended on a very happy note.

HEALTH SETBACK

On their return to England, Bishop Leonard was still not fit and suffered several nose-bleeds. He wrote,

"I haven't been able to help in the garden, I'm sorry to say. I'm very much better and my nose hasn't bled for two days but I'm still lacking enough energy to do more than fulfil my necessary engagements. It's most annoying to come home from a lovely holiday and to be seedy, but very soon now I shall begin to feel the effects of the holiday and be quite a giant refreshed." This was in the middle of October 1961.

However, after another nose-bleed at the end of October, X-ray photographs revealed a growth behind his nose and right eye. A small operation at the Brunswick Nursing Home confirmed that the growth was malignant. It was thought that deep X-ray treatment might well prove effective. If it did not, there would not be a long period as an invalid, and there would not be much pain.

Writing to the family his wife said,

"And now what I really think is this: he is absolutely ready for whichever outcome is permitted, and so of course we must be. I am upheld not only by people's prayers and kindness, which are wonderful, but by the conviction that in some mysterious way, he is now being allowed to achieve the most important part of his ministry. Our offering is to try and debunk the fear people have of the word 'cancer' and to be equally ready to help him do some more active work if God allows a cure - or let him go on ahead of us."

The specialist had told Mrs. Leonard all about it, at her request, and she, after a few days, talked it over with Bishop Leonard. This proved to be a source of remarkable inspiration. In fact, Mrs. Leonard wrote,

"... He had nearly a week in bed at home before he went to the Middlesex, and it's true to say it was one of the happiest of our lives..."

The first few days were spent 'being X-rayed from every possible angle and from every point of view,' as he wrote. Tests and examinations were carried out, and a small exploratory operation, on which the deep X-ray treatment was based.

Leonard wrote later in an article for the Norwich Churchman,

"I was greatly strengthened at the time by this quotation from Scott Holland: "It is a tremendous moment when one is called to join the army of those who suffer. Since Christ, the world of pain is a lawful department of life with experiences, interests, adventures, hopes, delights, secrets of its own. God help you to walk through this world now open to you, as through a kingdom regal, royal, wide and glorious.""

He drew untold strength from the presence of his wife, who had a camp bed in an office in Tower Hill and who spent literally hours getting from one end of London to the other, day by day, often at the peak of rush hours.

From the Hospital he wrote:

"I have just been down for treatment - two turns on one machine and two on another. All the radiotherapy treatment is done by girls. The dosage is worked out by Doctor Bodkin. He says where and for how long and in what strength the treatment is to be applied, but the actual treatment is given by highly trained girls

who use set-squares and millimetre gauges to find the exact spot on which the ray is directed. It always intrigues K. to see the pencil marks on my face, which enable the operator to aim the beam at the target as accurately as the winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley!

'Fortunately, the treatment is painless, though I am warned that it may depress me in time, But what is most satisfactory is the fact that the trouble is not due to altitude as we rather thought, and it was beginning to develop before we started our never-to-be-forgotten journey to Kenya.

'I've had crowds of visitors and have been embarrassed by the flowers and fruit and books that have been showered upon me. People are kind and I'm a very lucky man.

'In the next bed to me was a professional prize-fighter - a lightweight whose nose had caught a packet. He was in to have running repairs. Another inmate works at Madame Tussaud's.

Recalling his last day in hospital and Mr. Wilson's rounds he wrote:

'He's King of Berners Ward and when he does his Round he is accompanied by his Registrar, the House Surgeon, the Ward Sister and sometimes some student hangers-on. When he came to my bed, he said "I think we ought to give the Bishop a decoration," and turning to me he said, "What would you like?" So I said, "Well, Sir, as long as I am in your ward I'm proud and happy to be a Berner, but with my eye on the future, I'd be glad of a prescription which will make me non-inflammable for the Hereafter."

They all thought that was quite funny.'



Pat relaxes in Bern, Switzerland

REPRIEVE?

March 1962 he wrote about his progress:

'I am beginning to get back into circulation by degrees - attending meetings, mostly daytime meetings, but I am hoping to take a Confirmation on April 1st.'

and a fortnight later:

'I am now pretty well back in circulation, though I am being careful not to take on too much until I have hardened up my episcopal muscles a bit more and, what is equally important, to leave time for a little shut-eye between efforts.'

He continued to do his normal work until early July and then:

'I go in on July 9th. The first suggestion was July 2nd and I had practically agreed when I remembered the Lord Mayor of London's Dinner on July 5th, so I explained that July 5th was my birthday and that the Lord Mayor was throwing a party for me and my wife, and had invited all the other bishops and archbishops and their ladies, and that it would be a pity to miss it.

So they said, "Of course you must go to the party. Come in on July 9th!"

But it was not to be.

'As you will see from the address, I am back in the old ward, though the ward-maids alone remain the same as last time.

'Unfortunately the doctors' suspicions were justified - the tests they took proved to be positive, so the old cancer is still there or thereabouts. The result is that tomorrow they plan to operate. They propose to cut a hole through the roof of my mouth so that they can see inside the antrum where the cancer was/is, and if necessary remove what oughtn't to be there. Jolly, eh? And thereafter they plan to give me some further radio treatment - so I expect to be here for some time but not as long, I hope, as last time.

I share the Hospital with Sir Winston, but he's not in the same ward!

X X X X X

At the time that he was having this operation, the Diocesan Clergy School was in session at Keswick Hall. There was a Service of Intercession for him in the Chapel on that day, and one of the prayers used was the verse of St. Patrick's Breastplate which begins, 'Christ be with me ...' The words were changed, as a prayer for Patrick Leonard, to:

"Christ be with him, Christ within him,
Christ behind him, Christ before him,
Christ beside him, Christ to win him,
Christ to comfort and restore him,
Christ beneath him, Christ above him,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love him... "

'Last night we had a flood in the ward. We are the sixth floor, top of the house, and we must have lost some slates off the roof - for, about five o'clock, the heavens opened and it rained stair-rods. Soon there was an ominous drip by my bedside which in time became a cascade. Beds had to be evacuated and the nurses were kept busy with mops, trying to remove the impression that we were a swimming bath.

'We have got with us a wounded prisoner. I don't know his history yet, but for the first two days he had a police guard day and night. However, as his right leg is in plaster from his ankle to his thigh, they think he is unlikely to escape, and the guard is no longer with us.'

Although he was back in harness fairly soon, he had to slow down.

'I've been thinking a good deal lately about the fact shall have to retire. I had hoped to keep going until I was 75 but this cancer business has rather upset my plans, and I doubt whether I shall get well enough and fit enough to justify my existence as Launcelot's understudy.

'I've been fairly busy with Confirmations and a couple of Institutions - but I'm taking life pretty easily and not going out of my way to look for work.'

X X X X X

It was in this period which he called his reprieve that he was to leave an indelible impression on the people of the Diocese:

"At his last Retreat at Leiston Abbey in Suffolk he was clearly in agony and could only speak and swallow with difficulty. In spite of this - or because of it ? - every one there was caught up by his words, and there seemed to be a living urgency of prayer on all our parts to give his valiant spirit the strength to complete this task.

"It was like living in another world: his words were so vivid that it was no effort to remember them and write them down after each session, as we sat in the peaceful garden near the Chapel. During tea at the end when the silence was at last broken, two young Americans spoke almost in awe, as if they felt they had been kneeling with a saint.

"His humour, his love, his joy in believing burned through all he said, and I do not need to refer to my notes for his opening words: 'It is an abiding comfort that God knows us through and through,' spoken in agony of body but such shining peace of mind.

"I am so very thankful that I knew him ..."

An engagement which tested Bishop Leonard to the full was his last pilgrimage to the Walsingham Shrine at Whitsun, 1963. This was an unforgettable experience for all who witnessed it - the little Red Cross cadets who stood along the route with cups of water for the pilgrims - the people in the pilgrimage and the people who stood nearby - and the Roman Catholic priest, who could not forget the sight of the Bishop, dying on his feet, blessing his people as he walked

He had been carrying out a very full programme for several months, but on the 1st July 1963 he was to write:

'Here I am back in my old haunt, though this time they have put me in a single small ward and not in with the main gang.

'This has its advantages, especially in the matter of visitors, but I'd rather be in with the crowd. The doctors are puzzled as to why I should have had these haemorrhages; they can't see any reason for them. And so on Wednesday I'm to have an anaesthetic and they intend to have a real look see and discover the cause of the bleeding and if possible remove it - possibly a piece of dead bone left from the operation a year ago, which they affirm is the cause of all my pain.

'The latest news is that I am to have two successors - The Queen has approved Launcelot's idea that there should be two Suffragans in future - a Bishop of Thetford and a Bishop of King's Lynn. Both will have plenty to do.

WAITING ON THE THRESHOLD

Four days later he wrote this letter:-

'As you will see I am still in Hospital but I had the anaesthetic on Tuesday and apparently the surgeons did all that they hoped to do and are very happy with the result of their labours.

Some time this afternoon K will make time to come and cheer me up. Not that I am depressed, far from it - for I'm feeling fine and am glad to have the anaesthetic business behind me.

All my love, beloved four...'

That was the last letter he wrote.

Mrs. Leonard wrote to part of the family in Africa:

"I think by the time you get this you will have had a cable to say that he has attained his freedom at last and is serving in an even more wonderful way, without the limitations and pain he has endured for two long years.

"He has such a strong heart, things may drag on - when one longs for his release - but it doesn't really matter as he doesn't feel anything.

"It would be wonderful if everyone was at home, but we've faced all this before and must get on with our lives and not change plans.

'Oh, how grateful I am this has been allowed to happen like this and not in the car or among children at a Confirmation ... '

'...I sat with him through the night, with a strong fan blowing air to cool him - so quiet, all rather wonderful and feeling all experience over, just waiting on the threshold of something unbelievably wonderful.

"Nice nurses came in every hour or so. About 4.30 am, one came and I asked her practical details and then she went. I stood by the window watching the sunrise and, in that moment, he had his last breath - and at that moment in walked Andy, all fresh from a good night, and he fetched the nurse, who phoned for the Chaplain and the House Surgeon."



THANKSGIVING

Pat Leonard's life there was a very close personal link with All Hallows 'Berkyngeschirche-by-the-Tower'. While on the staff he was married there. The twins, Mary and John, were baptised there. He took a keen interest in work there and in the rebuilding after the War. The funeral service was held there and, fittingly, his ashes now rest in the Crypt, alongside those of Neville Talbot.

The atmosphere was one of rejoicing at 'Pat's' life and ministry. Indeed, Mrs. Leonard was soon afterwards able to describe it as "unbelievably lovely and happy; I feel far closer to him than I have for many months."

This same note was struck at the great Service of Thanksgiving on July 31st in Norwich Cathedral. To this Service came over 300 robed clergy, a large number of personal friends, and representatives of all the organisations in which Pat Leonard had played a part.

In these words. Bishop Fleming paid tribute to his personal friend ;-

"I imagine every Christian at some time or another, in discussing religion, gets asked the leading question:

""Well, what difference does it make?' And there are those in whom one can see the answer. The qualities which St. Paul lists do seem extraordinarily appropriate to Pat Leonard: 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'

"Furthermore, it was evident enough that these were, in fact, the fruit of the Spirit - the fruit of a life dedicated to God, as Christ reveals Him. So much so that the incidence of death, and the previous months of illness, were accepted and faced in a way one might have predicted - as characteristic of someone whose life had already been offered to the service of Our Lord, whatever the demands of that service might be.

"I do not think Pat Leonard would like it much if I, or anyone else, should extol the merits of his character. Either he would laugh it off as he was accustomed to doing, or by implication, contrive to make one more conscious of that divine source from which all that is good in mankind is derived.

"Whilst he would dislike eulogy, he would, I am sure, deeply appreciate our coming here to give thanks to God for his life and ministry, and accept this as a bond of our affection. For, after all, this is precisely how he would have seen it.

He was himself deeply thankful to God for his own life and ministry; a life in which, in his younger days, he had enjoyed such health and vigour - he was a keen oarsman, accomplished boxer and mountaineer - a life which had been so fully and happily enriched by his wife and children, and latterly by his grandchildren, a life in which the grimness of the 1914-18 War had been transmuted by the inspiration and genius of Toc H, with which Pat Leonard's name will always be associated. It would be artificial to think of his life and his ministry in separate compartments, for the two were one. There was no side of his life that was not informed by what was involved in his ordination as Deacon, Priest, and - during the past ten years - as Bishop. It was here as Bishop that we remember him so closely and with such cause for thankfulness - for he interpreted that office with the pastoral care, the humility, and the simplicity that rightly belong to it. For this work, to which God had called him, he was always profoundly grateful. He

loved it, and he was happy in it. Nothing gave him greater delight than a parish confirmation - which he looked upon as a Mission to the parish; nothing yielded greater results than his visits to the clergy, either to see the family informally, or to give spiritual counsel.

And this ministry to clergy and lay people alike, accepted with joy and undertaken with a firm personal discipline, gave to us and many others a type of friendship, of encouragement and of inspiration, for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

"We have been feeling deeply for him and his wife and family during this last illness so valiantly borne. He and they knew that it was malignant cancer, and by the way that this was faced and accepted, it drained it of its terror.

"What a vindication and witness to the faith that was in him. If in that faith we make our thanks to God, by the same faith we are given an insight which will help us penetrate the mystery of death - and understand what it means - in terms of our relationship to him and others who have departed out of this present life, and how it affects our own attitude to living.

"The really distressing and daunting thing about the death of someone we love is that it looks as if the relationship which has meant so much to us is suddenly brought to an end.

"That is not really so. The insight of faith shows that the relationship continues - but in a different way...

"The relationship is continued through God, through whom the living and departed are linked together. The nearer we get to God (the nearer we are to reality - to the things that really matter), the closer we come to those cut off from our mortal sight (as indeed Christ is.)

"The binding force between living and departed is the love of God - the most profound and active and creative force there is.

"For we come from God, we belong to God, we are destined for God.

"That is the perspective in which we are to understand the life and the death of Pat Leonard.

"That is the perspective through which we can appreciate the good that men do, and how this good lives on after them. For not only is it woven - by example and inspiration - into the stuff of other men's lives, but it is in itself a part of God's purpose - a part, one might say, of eternity; its value never wasted, never withdrawn.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

"And now to Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, to Him be ascribed all praise and honour and thanksgiving, this day and evermore."

BLUNDESTON

Of tangible memorials there are few, but one, which is very much in character, was dedicated in a ceremony described in these words:

"Five prisoners at Blundeston Prison took part in the actual ceremony, and a further 40 were among the congregation of 150, when the Church of England Chapel at the Prison was dedicated last night (12th September, 1963) by the Bishop of Norwich. After the Bishop had consecrated the altar, two of the prisoners placed a linen cloth on it and three other prisoners presented the cross and candlesticks to be placed in position by the Bishop...

"The Chapel is named after St. Leonard, patron saint of prisoners and also commemorates the late Suffragan Bishop of Thetford, the Rt Rev. Patrick Leonard.

"The Bishop said he knew little of St. Leonard, but knew a good deal of Patrick Leonard.

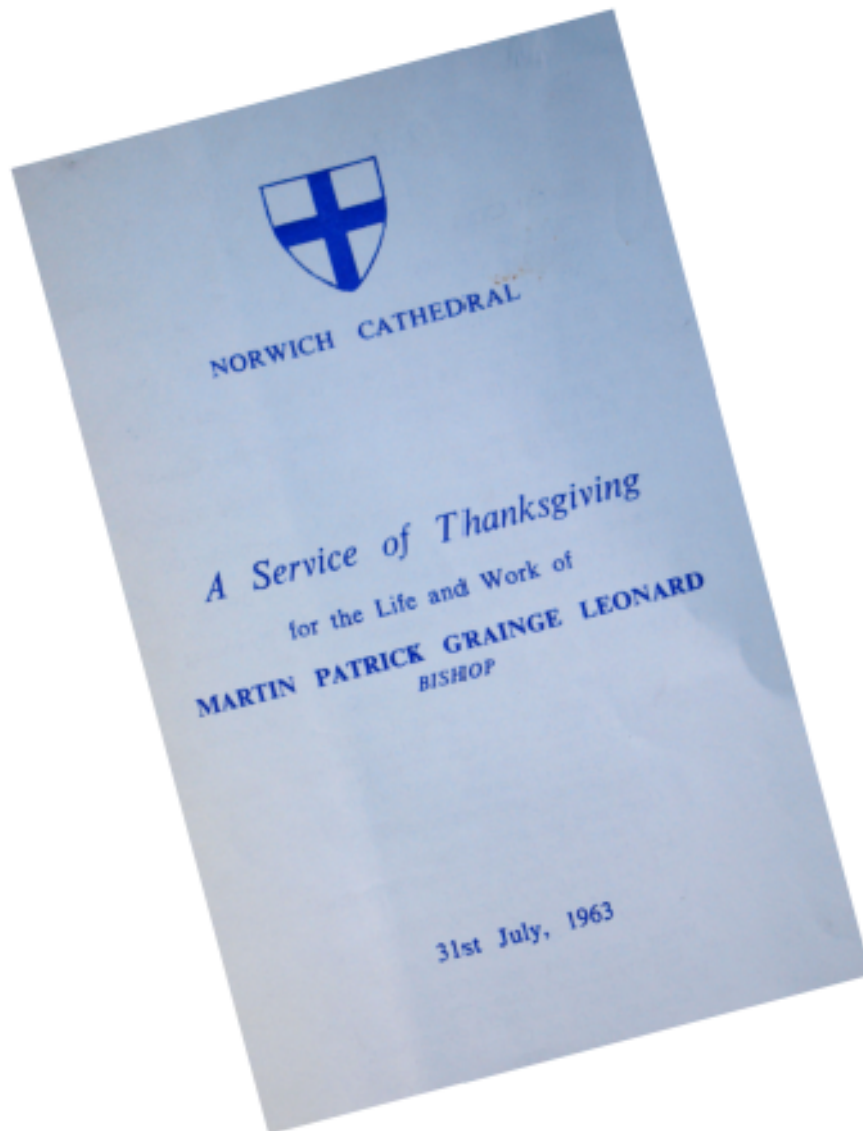
"He was a very remarkable man," he said. "One of the founders of Toc H during the First World War and an incredibly courageous man; he was someone who was just plain good..."

It made one want to share in his secret, to join with the sort of outlook he had drawn from a life dedicated to God..."

CROWNING GLORY

'...To some, the last months of his office may seem to have been marred by suffering; to those with greater perception, the courage and patient determination, with which he endured that which would have broken many a weaker man, have been the crowning glory of his illustrious life.

'May he rest in peace.'



Bottom Left: A kneeler at All Hallows dedicated to Pat. Top centre: Cover of Service booklet for Pat's Thanksgiving at Norwich.
Bottom Right: The sign that still hangs outside Talbot House today

APPENDIX

Article in the Melbourne Argus in 1925:

A WISHING WELL FOR TOC H: PRIZED LETTERS

Shortly before the Rev P.B. ("Tubby") Clayton, MC, founder and Chief Padre of Toc H, and the Rev M.P.G ("Pat") Leonard, DSO, Padre of Manchester Toc H, sailed for America - upon the first stage of the world tour which they have undertaken with the object of extending the activities of the movement, which has grown remarkably in Great Britain - "Punch" honoured them with a cartoon by H. M. Bateman. It was called "The Discoverers Discovered" and depicted "Tubby" and "Pat" in the crow's-nest of their argosy, with the banner of Toc H floating at the masthead.

Writing to Mr. Clayton about the cartoon, the Archbishop of Canterbury humorously said, "there is something Homeric about it."

Thinking people who recognize the great brotherly feeling behind Toc H - the message which "Tubby" and "Pat" are carrying to the far-flung corners of the Empire - will agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Among his most cherished possessions, Mr Clayton places in the forefront a little book which he has steadfastly refused to let out of his keeping. It is a book that would turn most autograph collectors, to use a colloquialism - "green with envy," for in its pages are pasted many letters from famous British men - a collection of eminent signatures that is probably unique. The book is aptly called "A Wishing-Well for Toc H", and the letters are greetings and farewells to "Tubby" and "Pat." Some of them are intimate and private, but others have been reproduced as a "passport" for use abroad. They were written by thinking men of Britain, who, during the nine years of Toc H history, have thought deeply of the purpose of Toc H.

In the forefront of these letters is one from the Prince of Wales, who is a most earnest and enthusiastic "Toc H-er," and Patron of the movement. The Prince's letter, written from St. James's Palace on December 15th - the ninth birthday of Toc H - is as follows:-

"On the ninth birthday of Toc H, I want to send you a word of Godspeed for your coming tour. The festival this year has been more amazing than ever and recalled to me all my glimpses of the young movement now rooted so strongly in the Old Country and in Canada. I believe that this great brotherhood of ours will survive when the war out of which it was born is no longer a bitter memory, for Toc H stands for helping others, and there's no better thing in life, when you come to analyse it. I would like all my friends, both in Australia and in the United States, to have the chance of sharing in this wonderful fellowship. You will meet many fine men on your journeys, and I feel sure that some of them will receive the torch that you carry. I shall often think of you and hope for your success.

"Yours sincerely,

"EDWARD P., Patron"

That is surely a splendid tribute from the Prince, who has been quick to recognise the great message of hope for the future which Toc H has for the young men of today.

This letter and the others are the more valuable when it is remembered that the writers are all men who do not give their judgement lightly.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain (Mr Stanley Baldwin) wrote to Mr. Clayton:-

"I am most interested to hear of your mission. Toc H has become one of our cherished institutions, and all of us who recall its origin in the war, and see the goodness and increase of its work here, wish well to you in your travels, and success to your endeavour."

You cannot turn the pages of this splendidly conceived little "book" without being impressed with the fact that, coupled with their admiration for Toc H, there is an almost overflowing affection for its jovial little founder - that same genial "Tubby" Clayton who won the hearts of all who met him – and they must be counted, not in hundreds, but in thousands, in France.

To know him was to love him; and his nickname, "Tubby," by which he was known far and wide, is convincing proof that Hazlitt, when he wrote that "a nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man" was hopelessly at sea.

Here is one from the Duke of Devonshire:-

"My Dear Tubby,

"We shall miss you here, but we shall watch the progress of your trip with interest and confidence. Thousands of men have most grateful recollections of all that Toc H did and meant during those anxious days in Flanders, but Toc H does not live in the past alone. The movement is making a genuine and sympathetic appeal to the imagination of thinking men and women. It supplies an opportunity, the lack of which has long been felt, but it has already made its influence evident in the life - both public and private - of the country, and under the broad-minded and human leadership of yourself and your colleagues it will make ever-increasing progress. You will, I hope, meet many of my old friends in Canada, who will give you a characteristic and warm-hearted welcome.

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,

DEVONSHIRE."

Eminent soldiers, leaders of the Church and State, men of letters and affairs, schoolmasters and scoutmasters, and at least one Socialist – Mr Robert Blatchford – have written to Mr Clayton to express their admiration for Toc H.

Field-Marshal Lord Plumer of Messines wrote that he was "quite sure that every serving soldier will do his utmost to support and help you in your splendid effort to develop those great principles for which Toc H stands"

And Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan, until lately Chief of the Imperial General Staff, said, "Toc H is now a British institution and its light shines in dark places. I am sure that the spirit of enthusiasm that has worked this wonder here will inspire those virile and glorious men that you will meet overseas."

The following letter bears the signature of the Earl of Balfour:-

“Dear Mr Clayton,

Please accept my warmest wishes for the success of your tour. May it strengthen and perpetuate a movement which, though born in the strife of war – almost on the battle-field itself – is destined, I trust, to do much to further the highest work of civilisation. May I be permitted to add that I shall watch your labours with an added sympathy because I knew well and greatly loved the gallant and gifted soldier – Gilbert Talbot – to whose memory it is dedicated

Yours sincerely,

“BALFOUR”

Mr Robert Blatchford paid a warm-hearted tribute in the following words:-

Toc H stands for a very great deal...It is the sanest, sweetest movement of our time...I am not commonly enthusiastic about new movements or new parties, having had considerable experience thereof.

But Toc H is a stroke of genius. It possesses a beautiful wisdom and a beautiful virtue, born of the heart...It is a movement that does not hate or condemn or denounce. Its soul is the soul of mutual aid. And it is a movement of youth...Why have I such hopes of Toc H? Because it works by deeds instead of words; because it is not over-organised; because its leaders and members have perceived the essentials and not gone beyond them; because it is in the best sense democratic and because its strength is in the youth of England. Every new branch is a new centre of sweetness and light.”

It is impossible in this article to more than convey a slight idea of the wide field covered by the letters.

There is a typical one from Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of Punch, wishing Mr Clayton success “in the name of your old friend, Punch,” and a kindly note from Sir James Barrie, also letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquess of Salisbury, that fine soldier Lieut-General Sir Charles Harington, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Sir Alfred Pickford (who visited Australia some time ago as Commissioner for Overseas Scouts and Migration)...the array of signatures is almost breathtaking. And such men as these do not give a verdict lightly.

Lastly there is a letter from Mr A.A. Milne, irrepressible as ever, from his Chelsea study:-

“My Dear Tubby,

If I could commend you to anybody who had heard of me, but hadn't heard of you, I would do so gladly; but however extensive your travels, you will be unlikely to find such a person. So I shall just ask you to include in your baggage my best wishes for yourself and Toc H. You have the best of gospels to preach. I see Toc H in your person, rolling round the world like an enormous snowball, getting, if I may say so, tubbier and tubbier with the new devotees it attracts to itself. Good luck to it.”

Surely "A wishing-well for Toc H – a book unique of its kind – and a worthy passport for the genial little padre who is carrying it round the world on his mission for mankind.

This article was written in the Melbourne Argus, Australia, 1925.

Later, Toc H printed a small booklet with the Punch cartoon on the cover, the quoted letters and the text of those referred to, but not quoted, and also notes about "Why Toc H?"

In it, Sir Charles Harington writes:

My dear Tubby,

I cannot let you go on your world-wide trip without sending you a line to wish you God speed and good luck. We shall watch your progress with much interest.

I have, as you know, watched the growth of Toc H from its first days in Flanders. Its work in and for our old Second Army can never be forgotten.

I have visited and talked with the lads in all your London Houses and I have visited most of the Branches in the North of England and only last night addressed a splendid meeting at Whitby, where I hope a Branch will be formed shortly.

It is the finest movement I know and it is good to see the right spirit, the spirit of unselfishness, growing steadily.

It has real work before it at home and overseas. You and your helpers may well be proud of the foundation which you have well and truly laid and I feel sure you will get the response you hope for on your trip and more.

Good luck to you both,

Yours ever,
CH Harington



Pat with his wife Kathleen at a Scout Jamboree in Norfolk. Pat is wearing the Silver Wolf 3